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HIRAM JOHNSON has tossed his hat into the ring, but somehow none of the ringside spectators seem excited about it. Most of them probably thought that the hat had been lying in the ring lo, these many years. Almost every speech which the Senator from California has made in the last eight or ten years has been rather in the way of practice at presidential hat-tossing. Ten years ago, however, Hiram Johnson stood out as a fighting progressive with a record of real wrestling-matches with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Today he seems merely the familiar politician who ducked the Newberry issue, raised his voice in a piteous plea for protection for California lemons, and took his full share of patronage under the Harding Administration—from the same "materialist, stolid, and stubborn men" in whom he now suddenly discovers such "irreconcilable differences." Meanwhile a recent convert to California, William Gibbs McAdoo, has admitted to the waiting world that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination. Mr. McAdoo has not the Senator's oratorical gifts, but he has the merit of meeting some issues. We do not agree with him about the bonus, but we know where he stands; and we like his consistent defense of the war-time policy of government control of the railroads. Unfortunately he has hitherto avoided the issue of the Klan, and he cannot be unaware that in the South he is coming to be generally regarded as the Ku Klux Klan's candidate.

GERMANY'S paper marks now number quintillions. If the presses do not stop soon the arithmeticians may have to invent a word for a million decillions. Meanwhile, the Entente has been saved again. News of an imminent break between England and France sent the pound sterling and the franc tumbling down on the stock market, and news of the patched-up peace brought a partial recovery. If the bankers were as wise as fable makes them we suspect that their reaction would have been precisely the contrary. These patched-up peaces postpone a real European settlement. A break between England and France might cause more temporary chaos, but continuance in the policy of cowardly compromises will achieve no more in the future than it has in the past. The latest compromise is an absurd face-saver, like its predecessors. England will join in a sharp warning note to the German Government reprimanding it for refusing to promise protection to Allied control officers in regions where it has no control; and France agrees to omit mention of specific sanctions in case of refusal. Europe is not helped by such fear of facing the music. The demand to expel the ex-Crown Prince is dropped, France apparently being satisfied by the "discovery" of the text of his abdication. Economic peace in the Ruhr seems farther off than ever. The industrialists finally refused to sign the ignominious terms on which we commented in an editorial, Poincaré's Bargain, two weeks ago (the French dispatches reporting agreement were mistaken) and accordingly more tens of thousands of Ruhr workingmen are thrown into idleness and utter want.

ONE reason why Congress has less excuse this winter than ever for listening to the advocate of a soldiers' bonus is that in the five years since the armistice various States have done so much that a national dole would be a duplication in the case of more than half of our ex-service men. The American public has already imposed on itself a burden of $380,600,000 in the way of State bonuses which, added to the $270,000,000 which the Federal Government paid when the men were discharged, makes a total of $650,600,000. This is more than any of our Allies have paid, including those that mobilized much larger armies. France, for instance, has paid $373,371,150, and Great Britain $275,910,446. A statement by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, which compiled these figures, shows that nineteen of our States have either paid or authorized a bonus. These States embrace most of the more populous ones and claim 2,348,655 of the total 4,582,393 men whom America mobilized for the World War. It looks as if we had had bonus legislation enough.

IF Secretary Mellon sincerely wants to know how to reduce tax burdens, we suggest that he take a trip to Minnesota and observe the methods of the Oliver Iron Mining Company. This company, which is a subsidiary of the Steel Trust, has long been in controversy with the State over a

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tax levy of $4,340,000. After a prolonged legal battle the courts recently decided that the company owed this sum and must pay it. But in the meantime the failure of the company to pay its assessment had subjected it to penalties amounting to $1,797,000. According to the Minneapolis *Labor Review*, the court decision carried no provision for the remission of these penalties, but executives in Governor Preus's administrative family—impressed with the hardships of the Steel Trust—arranged that if the tax itself was kindly paid the penalties would be thoughtfully forgiven. One way to save taxes is to be so poor that there's nothing to assess; another method is to be so prudent as to invest your earnings in tax-exempt securities; best of all is to be a Steel Trust.

LOTHAR WITZKI, said to be the only German spy captured, tried, and convicted as such in the United States, was released from Leavenworth Prison by order of President Coolidge on November 21. Other Germans convicted for acts of sabotage were released long ago. The men who sold the army leaky raincoats and paper shoes went scot-free. The men who squandered the nation's millions while ex-service men waited for the promised help have weathered a congressional hearing without even seeing the inside of a police station. But when the iron gates closed behind Lothar Witzki they left thirty-two brave men inside, convicted in 1917 because they dared to speak the truth as God gave them to see it, men who believed the Constitution of the United States meant what it said—our American political prisoners. We release spies and saboteurs and we let our profiteers go unscathed, but men with the courage of unpopular opinions we put in jail and leave there. President Coolidge knows that these men are innocent of crime; if they should have to pass their seventh Christmas in prison cells it would be only because the President feared the political effect of pardon.

IF Comptroller Craig of the city of New York serves, as the United States Supreme Court has ruled he must, a sentence of sixty days in jail for contempt, we hope the public will not be satisfied with any futile manifestations of sympathy toward him personally. The proposal to ask Congress to pass a law giving the President the power of pardon in contempt cases is also a wrong way to attack this evil. For there is an evil and it ought to be attacked. The use by judges of their power to punish for contempt of court promises presently to become as much of a scandal as their exercise of the injunction and to transform our tribunals into public nuisances. The power cuts directly into the institution of trial by jury, and is a relic of the divine right of kings that has survived from absolutist days along with other less harmful trumpery in our judicial system. There are two kinds of contempt: that committed in court and that committed outside. For the former there is a slender argument, although hundreds of hearings are held successfully in this country every year by legislative or other official bodies having no such power. For contempt outside of court, as in the case of Mr. Craig, there is no reason whatever why the case should not go before a jury. The outrage of allowing a judge to be the arbiter is the more acute because he is called upon to decide a case affecting himself, in which it is almost impossible to be impartial. As well allow the victim of a hold-up to try, convict, and sentence his attacker.

THE Methodists are to be congratulated. Despite the storm of abuse heaped upon Bishop Blake and his colleagues, who had undertaken to raise funds to help the Living Church in Soviet Russia, the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church has unanimously voted its thanks to Bishop Blake, who went to Moscow, and has authorized Bishop Nuelsen, whose province is Germany, to cooperate with the soviet church. The bishops passed no judgment upon the Soviet Government; that is not their province, and unlike Bishop Manning of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who has taken his stand with the Czarist faction in the Russian church in New York City, these bishops understand their province. Some of the newspapers think it extraordinary that the bishops should encourage friendly relations with Russia before the United States Government has recognized the Russian Government. It seems to us, even after the disheartening experience of the war, highly appropriate that a Christian body should refuse to bound its sympathy by political or economic frontiers.

B. K. WHEELER, Senator-elect from Montana, has in a few crisp sentences disposed of the National Civic Federation, which has been snorting with pain because of the declarations of Mr. Wheeler and other recent visitors to Russia in favor of recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States. The federation's letter, signed by its president, Alton B. Parker, says that the Soviet "is promoting Communism and revolutionism in the United States at this time as it was doing while you were its guest in Moscow," and that recognition "would carry with it the establishment of Soviet consulates here which, as shown by experience in other countries, become nothing more than centers for Communist propaganda, including the promotion of atheism." To this Mr. Wheeler replied in part:

> The above conclusions are doubtless based on the same kind of information that induced you to make the statement that I was "a guest of the Soviet Government in Moscow." . . . I am absolutely convinced that the Russian Government, as such, is not promoting Communism and revolution in the United States, nor is it carrying on a propaganda for atheism. . . . Doubtless the Socialist, the Communist, and other schools of economic thought are doing whatever they can to convince the world that their theories are right. But why should we fear their arguments? Are we afraid that the communistic program is so attractive and convincing that it will appeal to the American mind? . . . I do not fear they [the Americans] will adopt the theories of Communism unless it be thoroughly proved to them that a better system of government is presented than the one our fathers founded something over a hundred years ago.

This is a good answer and sound Americanism; but it has not received much publicity in the newspapers that carried most extensively the federation's fulminations.

THE explanation that his physicians have advised him to avoid great exertions until after Christmas does not adequately account for Lord Robert Cecil's removal to the House of Lords. There must be reasons not officially proclaimed for his willingness to take a final farewell of the Commons. Whatever else it may mean, his decision indicates presumably a definite renunciation of the prospect, so ardently cherished by many of his admirers, of his eventually becoming the leader of the Liberal Party. His inherited Conservatism has so often been modified by a Liberal outlook that there has seemed nothing improbable in

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the hope that, like Gladstone, he might in some crisis come over wholeheartedly and avowedly to the progressive side. But everyone recognizes that in these days it would no longer be possible to carry on a Liberal administration with a prime minister from the Upper House. As a Conservative, however, of a rarely reasonable and unfashionable type, the statesman whom we have hitherto known as Lord Robert Cecil may exert for many years, under his new title yet to be announced, a wholesome influence among the peers. He is by no means the sort of man who takes color from his surroundings, and the conventional toryism of his new environment may be expected, if anything, to stimulate the strong individuality and democracy of his character.

GOVERNOR WALTON, erstwhile dictator of Oklahoma, has been removed from office by the Oklahoma State Senate. It has adjudged him guilty of exceeding his pardon and parole power, of padding the State payroll, of general incompetence, of exceeding the legal limit of election expenses, of preventing the assembling of a grand jury, of suspending the writ of habeas corpus, of various specific offenses. The verdict was a foregone conclusion. Such "crimes" are common fodder in Oklahoma; Walton's real guilt was his fight upon the Klan. The Senate which tried him was a Klan-controlled body. The verdict therefore proves nothing; Walton refused to enter a defense before such a court, and a real trial can come only in other courts. But the whole proceeding proves the utter folly of attempting to down the Klan by adopting its own illegal methods.

VACATIONS for kings? Well, why not? In this day when so many jobs carry with them an annual vacation, there is no reason to discriminate against the not too lucrative and certainly extra-hazardous trade of sitting eight hours a day on a throne. So it seems no more than fair that the Greeks should send their young monarch off for a few months to rest his nerves and broaden his mind in foreign travel. It may be, as some Greeks predict, that stirring times are ahead, and if somebody should take it into his head to proclaim a republic, a king might find it possible to take a more dispassionate view of the situation at a distance. Also the people might take a more dispassionate view of the king. When a revolution is in progress so prominent a symbol of royalty as a king might find it embarrassing to continue among an excitable people. One is reminded of the dodgers that were pasted up in public places of Paris some years ago when barbers were trying to induce their employers to close on Sunday. The notice read somewhat as follows: "Perform an act of solidarity and do not get shaved on Sunday. P. S.—Accidents are likely to happen to those who get shaved on Sunday."

THE scene is laid in the region of Coronation Gulf, 1,000 miles east of Herschell Island in the Canadian Arctic. Ahkak, whose wife had left him, consoled himself with Pugana, the wife of another Eskimo, first taking the pains to kill her husband and make an honest woman of her. A feud arose between Ahkak and his friends and the friends and relatives of Pugana's former husband. A tribal council was called and a death sentence was laid on Ahkak, the murderer. The sentence was carried out, with some mercy, it seems, for Ahkak was strangled with his own rawhide line instead of suffering the undesirable but common fate of dismemberment. So justice was done, with due accord for the forms and ceremonies that convert vengeance into a decorous civil rite. Enter the Canadian Mounted Police by dog train from the east. The two executors of Ahkak the Eskimo are chased and caught and brought to trial at Herschell Island along with an aged sorceress who had played a part in the first act of the drama. A jury of "traders, trappers, and whaling captains" finds them guilty, and the two men are sentenced to death. The death sentence is confirmed at Ottawa, and Corporal Thorne, of the Mounted Police, leaves for Dawson City, whence, by dog and sled, he travels 600 miles overland to Herschell Island to hang the culprits on the gallows there by December 7. That, it seems, is to be the end of the story. Vengeance again becomes decorous and legal, and there seems to be no higher power ready to swing the British executors of the Eskimo executors off into the Arctic darkness of eternity.

CHIVALRY—who wants chivalry in 1923? On November 10 the old-fashioned chivalric police commissioner of Omaha, Nebraska, ordered his men not to jail such members of the "fair sex" as might be caught speeding, but to serve on them a "golden-rule summons" instead. The members of the Omaha Woman's Club failed to appreciate such gentleness. They resented this mild form of spanking as indignantly as the best of them nowadays resent the implied assumption of feminine weakness in the offer of a seat in a street-car. "Equal rights, but no favors" is their platform. Spurning the poor police commissioner with a loud cry of "Give us jail," they demand the privilege of arrest along with their brothers who offend the law.

WAR goes on killing long after the last gun is silenced. John Koren, United States Prison Commissioner, who jumped overboard from the steamship Nieuw Amsterdam, was as truly a victim of the war as if he had died in battle. From the beginning of the war he foresaw the magnitude of the disaster; he prayed, though he knew he prayed in vain, for an immediate conclusion; he hoped for peace without victory long before Mr. Wilson made that phrase familiar. In the days when the United States was formally neutral but when the tide of feeling swept more and more strongly against Germany, Koren refused to be carried away by the flood of hysteria. His private conversations, bluntly outspoken, were reported to the Department of Justice by patriotic friends. But in the persecution that followed no important government official played any part; Koren was widely known and respected in Washington. The murderous pursuit took place in Boston, where he had lived for thirty years; it was undertaken by arm-chair warriors, gentlemen whose credulity in swallowing spy-stories betrayed intellects at the dime-novel old-sleuth stage of underdevelopment and an utter lack of the common honesty and decency to which every man is entitled in a civilized society. Koren suffered social ostracism, broken health, increasing difficulty in earning his living. Even learned societies to which he belonged made it uncomfortable for him to attend their meetings, for many of our scholars and men of science were no more noble in spirit than the ninety Germans who signed the notorious manifesto. Five years after the war is supposed to have ended Koren killed himself. Of his death certain individuals are not altogether guiltless. But the guilt goes behind the individuals to war itself, which finds so many ways of bringing out the evil in human beings and of destroying the good.

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The Great Joke About Coal

ONE gets sick of reading about coal. Almost as sick as reading about Europe or the plight of the farmers. One's sense of duty, or civic consciousness, or whatever it may be called, keeps insisting that coal and Europe and the farmers are all urgent problems, in need of prayerful attention. But one's innermost clay becomes surfeited with seriousness. Now while the ensuing facts are serious enough they are not without a saving touch of absurdity.

The United States Coal Commission has just released its report on investments, profits, and margins in anthracite mining. The figures are based on an actual examination of the books of the several companies by the commission's accountants. Some of these accountants were old Federal Trade Commission men, fire-hardened in earlier coal inquiries and in the investigation of the Chicago packers. Many government reports are made up from returned questionnaires, answered by paid experts in the interest of their industrial clients. This report is no compilation of mailed schedules, but an actual examination of the underlying books. Never before have the sacred ledgers thus been opened to profane eyes.

There is a Great Joker in mine accounting. It is a Joker which operates more or less in all industries, but in mining it becomes genuinely Great. It is the question of unearned increment in the investment in mineral lands, and the depletion thereof. You buy some coal lands. You pay a million dollars for them. You dig coal—pardon, you have some miners dig it for you—for thirty years, and at the end there is nothing left but holes and rocks. The vein is exhausted; the coal is gone. So is your million, unless you have been mindful of the rules. You may have taken good profits over the thirty years, but your original investment has joined the heavenly choir unless you have each year set aside and charged to operating costs a reserve for depletion sufficient to give you back the million when the mine runs dry.

A million put in, profits betimes, and a million taken out. Fair enough under the rules of the business game. But suppose, for one reason or another, you can make it a million put in, profits betimes, and *five* million taken out. One owes a duty to one's family; the price level has shifted; a hundred good and sufficient reasons. And then, of course, the more depletion one charges the less income tax one has to pay. All perfectly legal too, because by a Treasury Department ruling, the *market value of coal lands as of March 1, 1913, is allowed as a basis for figuring depletion and profits.* If the land cost you a million, and was worth five millions in the estimation of your trustworthy engineers on March 1, 1913, you have a perfect legal right to deplete on the basis of five millions. You have a perfect legal right to charge this allowance against your profits before paying your income tax, and to set your course for taking out five millions instead of one.

Thus the inflated depletion charge, based on an inflated investment, becomes a legitimate cost of production, along with labor and royalties and dynamite and all other expenses. And a "reasonable" profit cannot be thought of which does not cover such cost. In a highly competitive industry where the fixing of prices for the finished product is beyond your control this procedure would not always benefit you except through saving income tax. You would have no assurance that prices would be sufficiently high to enable you to earn a good profit and set aside a fat depletion reserve to boot. But anthracite does not happen to be a competitive industry. It is a monopoly of a few great railroad companies, and has been so for fifty years. The coal commission recognizes it as such most explicitly. It says: "The fundamental evil in the anthracite industry is that of monopoly—the treatment of limited natural resources as if they were like other private property." Any monopoly which is worth its salt fixes prices at what the traffic will bear. This is axiomatic. But consumers sometimes are wrong-headed enough to take exception to this great economic law. Courts are sometimes wrong-headed enough to sustain such exceptions. What then could be happier than to have a trained seal like a depletion account to perform on such occasions?

So much for the theory of the Great Joker. Now as to the facts of its actual performance as disclosed by the commission. Here is the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, one of the "railroad" companies. Its mines have been operating for over one hundred years. Its first operations were on coal lands leased at an annual rental of one ear of corn. Subsequently it purchased 6,000 acres of land for $30,000. Later, it purchased 2,940 acres more for $1,382,000. The total original cost of its present holdings of 8,940 acres was thus $1,412,000. This is the sum which, according to accounting theory, should be depleted year by year until, when the coal on these lands runs out, the investors get back their $1,412,000 intact. But the investors have other plans in view, as the books of the company disclose. In 1871, the value of the lands was written up by $4,970,000. In 1917, when the Treasury Department ruling came along, $10,060,000 more was added arbitrarily to the investment account. "In the meantime the depletion charged by the company has amounted to $3,685,000, or two and a half times the original cost of the lands. Yet the lands still stand upon the books at $12,757,000, or nine times their original cost." So the Great Joker in the case of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company stands as follows:

Actual cost of coal lands	$1,412,000
"Write up" of 1871	4,970,000
"Write up" of 1917	10,060,000
Total	$16,442,000
Depletion charged to date	3,685,000
Present book value	$12,757,000

Thus instead of getting their $1,412,000 back when the mine runs dry, the owners of this company are setting their course to get $16,442,000 back. And if the same monopolistic conditions continue in the future as have in the past, they can undoubtedly do it. Put in $1,412,000, good profits betimes, take out $16,442,000 at the end.

Some conception of the increment in coal-land values for the whole industry is also furnished by the commission. The present market value of all anthracite lands is appraised at $989,000,000 by certain operators' engineers reporting to the commission. The value of these lands now carried on the books of the several companies, including "write-ups" to date, is $640,000,000. The books, despite unheard-of efforts, are still behind the engineers. In these book figures, the commission located write-ups totaling

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$226,000,000, but expressly states that it "is not sure that all the appreciations in value were discovered." Time was limited; old ledgers conveniently had been lost. The commission's accountants got what they could, but they could not get it all. The original cost of all lands—cost to the present companies, be it understood—is thus something less than 400 millions against a book value of 640 millions, and an appraised value of 989 millions. If the experience of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company is any index, it would appear that the actual cost of the properties was one-ninth of the present book cost. But it would not be fair without further examination to apply this ratio to all.

The performance of the Pennsylvania and Hillside Coal Company is interesting. It carries its lands on its formal books at $5,000,000 (probably written up at that). It carries a special memorandum account for the same lands valued at $45,000,000. On the basis of $45,000,000 depletion is figured, profits are found, and income taxes paid. On the latter figure, the rate of profit to investment in 1921 was a modest 11 per cent. On the former figure it is 45 per cent. Thus can statistics be trained to bark and skip the rope!

Lehigh Valley and Coxe Brothers, another railroad company, have written up the value of their lands $42,050,000, on an original cost which could not have exceeded $4,000,000 —$3,500,000 being written up prior to 1913 and $38,550,000 after the income-tax ruling. The Hudson Coal Company jumped its values $27,538,000 after the tax decision, and at least $5,500,000 before that time. And so the story goes.

Particularly delightful is the recent history of the Glen Alden Coal Company. This company is the illegitimate child of the Lackawanna Railroad. Ordered in 1921 to separate its coal business from its business as a common carrier, the Lackawanna proceeded to organize the Glen Alden Company to take over the coal properties. Identical interests control both companies. The coal properties had stood on the railroad books at $6,240,000. When the stockholders got through selling these properties to themselves, they stood on the Glen Alden books at $72,240,000—a modest boost, which must be "depleted"—of 66 millions, or ten times the old book investment; which in turn was probably inflated above original cost.

Meanwhile, despite these soaring depletion charges, all created out of thin air, the commission found profits for the railroad coal companies as follows:

1913	$16,039,000
1914	11,814,000
1915	11,264,000
1916	14,823,000
1917	29,997,000
1918	22,369,000
1919	25,220,000
1920	33,466,000
1921	30,246,000

If depletion could be refigured and reduced to a fair amount on original cost, these profits—particularly since 1917—would appear, as they actually were, very much greater. Thus the great anthracite companies are well on the road to take from the underlying consumer anywhere from half a billion to a billion dollars, over and above their actual investment, over and above interest on that investment, and over and above yearly profits, which have long been great and which are steadily growing greater. It is, obviously, a Great Joke on the consumer.

The British Elections

"MANKIND is a creature," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in a passage quoted by Premier Baldwin in his Manchester speech the other day, "who lives not by bread alone but principally by catchwords." That is precisely the characteristic of human nature on which Mr. Baldwin himself is depending for a victory in the general election about to be held. No variety of political or economic quackery can safely be regarded as buried beyond danger of resurrection as long as there exists a gullible public.

The defeat of the Balfour Government at the polls in January, 1906, largely due to the raising of the fiscal question by Joseph Chamberlain in 1903, was so overwhelming that many British free traders fondly imagined that the question of a protective tariff had been settled once for all. But several circumstances have conspired to make the protectionists hopeful of a very different electoral response today. A new generation of voters has arisen which has missed the advantage of the training in economic doctrine which was supplied by the thorough and exhaustive platform and newspaper discussions of twenty years ago. The departures from free trade which were made during the war and which were justified even by many lifelong free traders on the plea of a national emergency have accustomed the public mind to the spectacle of a tariff, however limited in range, in actual operation, so that there now seems nothing revolutionary in a wide extension of the same expedient. Moreover, in Great Britain, as elsewhere, there is a considerable section of the population which has no clear-cut political or economic ideas, Liberal or Conservative, free-trade or protectionist, to which it tenaciously adheres, but which is swayed by transient moods. This floating element of the electorate, large enough to turn the scale in many constituencies, may be revengeful today and conciliatory tomorrow; today it may be eager for social experiments and tomorrow afraid to venture outside the realm of use and wont; today it may follow with enthusiastic credulity the vagaries of an adventurer and tomorrow it may prefer a sober and commonplace guide. It is to this "swing of the pendulum" that Mr. Baldwin is now looking for a popular indorsement of his proposal to abandon the traditional free-trade policy of his country.

It is, of course, the widespread unemployment that gives him the greatest opportunity of an effective appeal. To the workman who is out of a job and to the business man who is searching in vain for a market for his wares, as well as to the taxpayer who feels the burden of the unemployment dole, any change may well seem to offer the prospect of better days. It is true that no one has emphasized more strongly than Mr. Baldwin himself the fact that it is the distracted state of Europe, more than anything else, that hinders a trade revival. Moreover, it is precisely the trades that could not possibly benefit from a tariff on foreign manufactures—such as the engineering, mining, cotton, building, and shipping industries—that are suffering most just now from unemployment. But against all this must be set the plausibility of the suggestion that the Englishman's present ill fortune is due to the competition of cheap foreign labor, and that it is by the elimination of "dumping" that British mills and factories are to become once more hives of constant activity. There is further the glamor of the imperialist sentiment, which has been revivi-

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fied of late years through the stimulus given by the war to the nationalist spirit. Objectors may point out that the only preference that matters to the dominions is a preference on meat and wheat, which are to be excluded from the scope of the Baldwin tariff, but all the same the suggestion of an imperial economic combination has a quasi-patriotic fascination that the protectionist spellbinders will not fail to exploit.

One of the first results of the Prime Minister's adoption of protection has been the reunion of the two divisions of the Liberal Party, which is traditionally the champion of free trade in England. It would be rash, however, to anticipate that the concordat between Asquith and Lloyd George will of itself restore vitality to the party, any more than the reconciliation between Roosevelt and Taft immediately made our own Republican Party an irresistible fighting force. There are many Liberals who have such an utter lack of confidence in Lloyd George that they will not have him at any price as one of their leaders, and his welcome back to the family is not unlikely to be followed by further secessions to the Labor Party. British Liberalism, too, will enter the fray under the severe handicap that some of its own most prominent spokesmen have anything but a clean record on the fiscal question. Neither in the war nor in the reconstruction period did they keep the faith, and their inconsistency will offer many targets to the protectionist marksmen. The Labor Party, on the other hand, though it has hitherto devoted its main attention to other problems, has no infidelities on this subject to explain away, and it will be able to make effective capital out of the Baldwin policy as an attempt to evade those drastic economic reforms which it believes to be the only means of settling the industrial system of the country upon a firm and equitable basis. Whether its advocacy of the capital levy will frighten away more voters than the party's consistency will attract is a question which only the election can answer.

"The Little Red Box of Courage"

The annual sales of talcum powder, cold cream, rouge, lipsticks, and toilet powder amount to $750,000,000, or $15 for every woman in America.—Press Item.

NOT to mention $63,000,000 for perfumes and toilet waters and such matters, and $145,000,000 for fancy soaps. Even deducting a generous allowance for witch-hazel used after shaving, and talcum powder for babies, and toilet water for the strange purposes to which the Eighteenth Amendment is said to have reduced it, the totals given above are impressive. If statistics were our business we would compare these amounts with the sums spent annually for battleships and education and chewing gum and better babies and draw some rather sensational deductions. But at the moment we are interested in the philosophy of that $750,000,000.

Last summer in a large and respectable women's magazine we read an affecting article entitled The Little Red Box of Courage, and in it we found packed the secret philosophy of the rouge-pot—a philosophy so terrible, so cynical, so blood-curdling that we have had to comfort ourselves with the thought that while the dippers into the pot are many its prophets are few. The argument ran something like this: The world is a dark place, full of wars and injustices, of dying babies and devastated lands. Old standards have crumbled, old enthusiasms are dead. The mind faints and the heart fails before the demands life makes upon them. What is there left to encourage us, to give us cheer, in the midst of a harassing reality? And the answer is: The Little Red Box of Courage. Just a daub here and there on a sallow countenance and life begins again. One can lift one's head and front the world with an air of confidence, of gaiety. Not mere red paint, but bravery and humor and resistance are packed in that little red box. And so on. The author of the article cheered as the modern soldier of life marched by, wearing on each cheek that blood-red badge of defiance, and she uttered, too, a modest little cheer for herself whose job consisted in helping this vast army to equip itself for the battle.

The thunder of great events mingled with flecks of rouge-brunette created an effect of bizarre and ironic humor, where no humor was meant. But by and large that article was not funny, because by and large it was true. Like the little hip-flask of courage, the little red box has a real, authentic effect on the mind of its devotees. It undoubtedly makes it more possible to face the machine in the mill, or the boss at his desk, or the dulness of long hours of deadly work—or life, in short. It makes one believe one is beautiful and fresh-colored and full of health, as the flask makes one believe one is witty and daring and full of life. Or if it does not make one believe, it helps one to make believe—and that is almost as good. Its virtue is the virtue of a strong tonic in illness, and its vice is the falseness of the effect it produces.

Now this is not the vice its stern opponents attribute to it. Instead of pitiful makeshifts for reality, they find in that little box sheer immorality and sex allurement. Some doubt the fact of the allurement, but of that the girls have most opportunity to judge, and—well, we hesitate to argue the question of allurements. That they have their uses in the world the existence of the arts and continuation of the race seem to testify, and we have gazed with something more than compassion on them at their best. But those that are bought for $750,000,000 by the women of the country leave us cold. If they are vicious it is because they caricature nature and joke about beauty; if they are immoral it is because they indicate a terrible, humble distrust of a woman's self. But chiefly they are neither immoral nor vicious. They are pitiable. Is it anything less than a confession of fear to plaster on these masks of red and white? Consciously it may be nothing more than habit and conformity; unconsciously it is a deep need for illusion. Even habits have their causes; if rouge is a fashion like long skirts or short, ear-rings, wrist-watches, curls, bangs, and bobbed hair, still a philosophy may hide behind a fashion. The women who paint and alter their reflections in the mirror distrust themselves—they are, though often enough quite unaware of it, a little afraid of life as they meet it.

After all, the world is a hard place and a drab place and reality is strong food. Perhaps illusion is the best that men and women can live on who cannot live on life itself. Perhaps, while the mills of the gods grind so everlastingly slowly, and the mills of the men whirl so fast, it is well for the tired and the timid to paint beauty on with a piece of rag and to spend $15 or so every year on the little red boxes they keep their courage in. A new world is what we need rather than more morals.

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Honor Among Allies

IN a significant exchange of notes between the United States and Great Britain, on behalf of the Allied governments, just published by the Department of State, another incipient cause of future dispute is tacitly recognized and a further humiliation is accepted by the United States. In its issue of June 6, 1923, *The Nation* called attention to the fact that the United States had been buncoed by the Allies out of its share of the costs, paid by Germany, for the armies of occupation on the Rhine. In an agreement concluded at Paris last May, all that the Allies did to make good this virtual embezzlement was to promise to remit to us, after certain prior Allied deductions, 25 per cent of future German reparation payments, if and when made, during the next twelve years. The agreement contained an article, however, to the effect that, if the United States did receive anything from Germany, in cash or goods, it would have to be applied to the reduction of the Rhine army bill and not to other reparations, e.g., to the satisfaction of the claims of American citizens against Germany, which include many claims having no standing whatever in international law. Unless the United States thus reduced the Rhine army bill, the Allies reserved the privilege of abrogating the entire May agreement.

This restriction on American liberty of action in dealing directly with Germany the United States has on several occasions sought to escape, but without success. After efforts to this end during the May negotiations had utterly failed, the Department of State apparently endeavored to escape from the dilemma by requesting the Allied governments to suppress the restrictive article above mentioned. In consenting to such suppression, however, the British Government in the note just published reminds the United States that under Article 248 of the Treaty of Versailles the Allied governments have a priority on all German public assets on account of "reparations and other charges" over all "other engagements and obligations of Germany." The meaning of this is unmistakable. The Allies refuse to recognize the validity of any arrangement between the United States and Germany looking to the satisfaction of American claims, but insist that they alone can deal with Germany.

The Secretary of State, evidently baffled by the stubborn attitude of the Allies, answered the British note in this weak and inconclusive fashion:

> My Government does not understand by this statement that it is intended to deny to the United States the enjoyment of the rights and advantages to which the United States is justly and equally entitled as a participant in the common victory, including the rights and advantages stipulated for its benefit in the Treaty of Versailles and accorded to the United States by the treaty signed on August 25, 1921, between the United States and Germany. It may be observed that this would in no way derogate from any of the benefits which the other Allied and Associated Powers are justly and equally entitled to enjoy.
>
> My Government is confident that it is no more the purpose of the other Allied and Associated Powers to attempt to discriminate against it with respect to these privileges and benefits, which would not have been secured except through the success of the common effort, than it is the purpose of the United States to seek to exercise its rights under the treaties above mentioned in any spirit other than that of equity toward its associates in the war.

What the British Government "understands" and what the United States Government "understands" seem to be entirely different things. The "confidence" of the United States in the Allied "purpose" is engaging. Of course the Allied governments intend to discriminate against us, otherwise they would hardly have appropriated our share of the Rhine army costs in the first place. That they intend to continue to discriminate against us is manifest from the British note stating in effect that German reparation payments in the future are the exclusive property of the Allies, and that Germany cannot legally promise to pay us anything. The suppressed article above referred to contained at least a tacit admission that we might obtain reparation payments direct from Germany, but stipulated for their allocation to the Rhine army bill. The present British note throws us completely out into the cold, and withdraws the tacit admission just mentioned.

The Allies doubtless rely on Secretary Hughes's declarations that "we do not seek reparations." It would be interesting to know just how Mr. Hughes would describe the appropriation of the Chemical Foundation patents and other private property of German citizens. What in Mr. Hughes's opinion is the purpose of the Mixed Claims Commission, now sitting in Washington?

At all events the Allies, who but for the United States would have had no war indemnity, no part of the nearly six billion dollars they have already collected in addition to their vast territorial acquisitions, now have the temerity to tell the United States that its hands are tied by the very Treaty of Versailles which the United States made possible, and that it may not obtain any direct payments from Germany. Every effort of Mr. Hughes to escape from this noose has been frustrated.

The complication to which this will lead may be this: The proceedings of the Mixed Claims Commission in Washington will probably be almost concluded a year hence and we shall then know the amount of our reparation bill against Germany. By a disgraceful provision of the treaty with Germany, condemned by no one more severely than by ex-Secretary Knox, we compelled Germany to sanction our retention of the seized private property of German citizens —an act without precedent in American history and in defiance of all tradition and tenets of national honor—as pledged security until Germany made "suitable provision for the satisfaction of American claims." But the British Government now says in effect that the Allied governments will not permit Germany to make "suitable provision for the satisfaction of American claims." We are invited, therefore, either to confiscate the sequestrated private property held in Washington, which even then presumably would have to be deducted from the bill for the Rhine army costs, or else we must buy and doubtless pay heavily for the consent of the Allies to deal freely with Germany. If anything is more humiliating than the position in which we are thus placed, it is the brazen way in which the Allied governments have relegated us to it.

It is our belief that the relations between the United States and the Allied governments arising out of the Rhine army costs and our reparation demands against Germany should be the subject of a congressional investigation, in order that the country may be informed of all the facts.

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Did Passive Resistance Fail?

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, October 28

TODAY all Europe is in the control of an armed force. Might rules; the bayonet is king. Is it then true that the great weapon of passive resistance, in the spirit of Jesus, failed in the Ruhr, leaving its inhabitants more than ever the victims of a more brutal force than Europe has yet seen?

Well, the answer is that nothing that has happened in the slightest degree detracts from the power of the weapon of non-resistance and its availability in the future. The simple truth is that passive resistance in the Ruhr did not achieve its ultimate aim because, and *solely* because, the Berlin Government betrayed the cause of the German people by its mismanagement of the battle, the corruption which marked the financial side of the struggle, and the complete and absolute miscalculations on the part of the Cuno Government as to the duration of the contest and how it should be carried on.

It must be remembered that passive resistance began spontaneously in the Ruhr. When the French troops came in, the Ruhr workmen laid down their tools. Berlin had not thought of this plan of countering, but they seized upon it with joy and extended the movement not only throughout the Ruhr but through all the previously occupied territory. Naturally, being anything but pacifists, they did not bring to the struggle any loyalty to passive resistance on the ground of principle or religious belief. It was merely the one weapon to which they could turn. From the beginning Dr. Cuno was warned that he must prepare for a long struggle, perhaps for a year and a half of opposition, in order that when the spring elections of 1924 came on Poincaré would be compelled to admit that the Ruhr policy had failed to produce money for France or any supplies in considerable excess of the cost of the occupation. That would have afforded the best means of defeating Poincaré, who at this writing seems to be certain to get a new lease of power when the elections come. Dr. Cuno was, however, convinced from the beginning that it was only a matter of keeping up the resistance for two or three months, and he based his whole campaign upon this theory. No definite program for carrying on the struggle was, therefore, ever worked out. So far as I can ascertain there was not even any financial program resorted to in order to prepare for a long struggle; the sole reliance was the printing press with results anybody could foresee. Some effort was made to peg the mark at between 20,000 and 25,000 to the dollar, which succeeded for a time—long enough for some insiders, so many people believe, to enrich themselves thereby.

But there was no effort to plan for a new currency such as now (October 28) is just going into effect but which could as easily have been put into use ten months ago; there was no move to vote new taxes and otherwise to raise fresh revenues to support the battle; I cannot even find that the popular contributions to the Ruhr cause were adequately developed and encouraged by the Government. Far worse than that, tremendous corruption crept into the whole management of the finances, perhaps not so much in Berlin as elsewhere. It was difficult—the money had to be got into the Ruhr by any possible method; the least suspicious-looking messengers had to be selected to carry the huge sums needed, for the French seized messengers and stole the money whenever they could get their hands on them. That naturally opened the door to waste and at times even to theft. But besides that, insiders did enrich themselves and enormous sums might just as well have been thrown out of the window. Again, the Germans were unable to sink party differences and rivalries even in this great struggle. The petty bickerings and strife went on in the Reichstag precisely as before. It did not become, therefore, the complete and overwhelming uprising of the nation that it should have been. It did cement the nation for a while in the first months of the fight; but after that the people, nervously worn down by nine years of constant excitement, suffering, and misery, failed to focus their attention upon the struggle for the reason that the leaders failed to furnish the necessary inspired, unselfish leadership without which no passive resistance can succeed. Germany needed a Gandhi, and there is no German Gandhi.

Even when the end came, when Dr. Cuno found that the mere printing of notes would not win the battle, there was the same old lack of frankness on the part of the Government toward its own people. He himself avoided the necessity of surrender by giving place to Stresemann, and Stresemann had to surrender so rapidly that infinite harm was done to the situation in the Ruhr by the failure to resume, or rather to surrender, gradually. It was just as in 1918; the German authorities put off their surrender too long and then were in feverish haste to get it over with. Dr. Cuno is an estimable man personally and no charge of personal gain is made against him. But, like so many other German statesmen, he was totally unable to gauge public sentiment abroad. From the very beginning he was convinced that speedy help would come from America and England. He even assured a private gathering of leading Hamburg business men in March or April that he had every reason to believe that aid would soon be forthcoming from the Anglo-Saxon countries. He suffered, too, from the fact that his finance minister, Hermes, was totally unfit for the position. He had been badly besmirched in a scandal in connection with profiteering in wines, but Dr. Cuno had to keep him because the Center parties demanded that as their price for supporting his Government. So the German people were betrayed again, and the weapon of passive resistance broke in the hands of men who used it as a tool.

No one who has not been in the occupied territories can understand the sacrifices the German people there made during the passive-resistance struggle. The minute it began the French increased the pressure upon them, especially in the districts which had been occupied since the armistice. The German population was terrorized and tortured in every conceivable way. Expulsions took place in every direction. From the little town of Gerolstein 2,000 of the 3,000 inhabitants have been driven out. At first those expelled were allowed to take their furniture; later expulsions were immediate, so that the families went out, leaving their furniture standing in the rooms, which were sometimes occupied by drunken and disorderly characters. Sometimes the quarters were occupied immediately by French

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officials. Try to imagine what it would mean to be living in the State of Connecticut and suddenly to find yourself cut off by a military barrier from all intercourse with New York and Massachusetts and Rhode Island, without telegrams, often without mail for days and often unable to get word from or to your relatives across the line, and always in terror of being ousted from your home and robbed of all your belongings at daybreak. Sometimes there were no newspapers for days; to get anywhere people walked six, eight, and ten hours to accomplish absolutely necessary business, and nobody ever rode on the trains run by the French. In one case a woman seventy-six years of age drove three days and nights without rest in a coal cart to go to a dying daughter. But if the daughter had happened to be beyond the Rhine she could probably not have gone to her.

It is to the infinite credit of the Germans directly affected that they stood all of this without complaint and with complete faith in the righteousness of their cause and the reliability of their weapon. They have not complained now, though their torture continues and they are beginning to understand how they were betrayed by their own Government. It is another evidence of the lack of a proper sort of nationalistic feeling in Germany, which is also demonstrated in the attack on Saxony and the disloyalty of Bavaria. More than that, the passive-resistance struggle was of course utilized by the great industrialists of Germany, who are its real rulers, for their own purposes. It was they who dictated the surrender, and a very hasty surrender, when it got too hot for them and they had begun to feel that if they did not get their plants into action again they would soon never be able to put back into service some of their most delicate and costly works. Dr. Cuno was their agent; his was "a business men's government"; while Stresemann and Stinnes are not friends the Stresemann Government is none the less one of reaction and under the circumstances is inevitably the creature of these conscienceless big-business men for whom, as for their brothers in business in other countries, there is but one motto: "Where iron is, there is the fatherland." There has never been any question in my mind that they would sell out to the French the minute they were compelled to or found it to their advantage to do so.

That in such a sordid struggle the great weapon of passive resistance should have been taken up by men most of whom were without true patriotism, or any ethical concept of what they were doing and what they were using, is a misfortune for humanity. That millions of oppressed Germans were led to make the necessary sacrifices to carry this struggle on for utterly different objects than those avowed is a crime against the German people. For it all Germany is now suffering and will have to suffer, the innocent and the guilty alike. It is another evidence of the way the German people are being crushed, exploited, and degraded between the upper and nether millstones of a horrible French militarism and the selfishness and falsity of their own changing governments and the real masters of those governments—the big industrialists.

From all of which I hope it will be clear to the *Nation* readers that passive resistance as such did *not* fail; that it carried on gloriously for eight months in the face of every possible obstacle; that it fell short of success against France because it was not honestly and efficiently supported at Berlin, and that there is nothing in this experience to prove that, given proper leadership and the adequate devotion on the part of all involved, this weapon of the spirit against force cannot again be used. Some day it may yet be, and with overwhelming success, against that naked brutal force which is today bringing civilization in Europe to its fall.

Starving Germany

By AGNES SMEDLEY

"BREAD! *Gott im Himmel.* Have you heard that bread will cost fifteen milliards tomorrow? Buy today if you intend to live."

"Butter?" a woman screams it. "Today it is twenty-two milliards a pound! Who speaks of butter?"

Other women reply. Wild rumors are spread. Women rush through the streets, from shop to shop, like mad. Anything is believed. Anything seems possible.

In the butcher shop a woman heard the butcher tell her that meat cost twenty milliards a pound. She half crouched, as if struck, when she heard it, her expression a mixture of wild fear and shock. Then like an animal she lunged over the counter and struck him in the face.

A tiny boy stood by with a market basket on his arm. His old but clean clothing was patched until hardly an inch of the original material remained; his old black stockings were darned in a dozen places with brown yarn. On tiptoe he bashfully peeked over the marble slab and asked for one-fifth pound of *Wurst* and offered five milliard marks in payment. The sum was too little, but the woman gave it to him. He smiled and gravely took his purchase homeward.

In a grocery store a worn workingman, leading two children, bought one pound of the cheapest margarine and a few cubes of soup powder. His bill was eleven milliards. "Here is my wage for today," he said, laying ten milliards on the desk. "I will bring the extra milliard tomorrow."

Aside from the industrialists, the foreigners, the speculators and business men, few of the German masses of the cities get enough to eat these days. The professional and middle classes are all starving, although no one notices it, because the Germans do not parade their misery before the eyes of either their own people or of foreigners. Even in 1920 and 1921, when we heard tales of the "good living" of the masses in Germany, such workers as the *skilled* miners of the Ruhr—in whose homes I lived for some time—existed on a fare which no other West European or American workers would tolerate or could endure. The usual fare consisted of huge quantities of potatoes, black bread, and beer. In the homes of the higher-paid workers meat was served two or three times weekly, *Wurst* was occasionally to be had, and *Malz* (a kind of roasted cereal) took the place, as it has for years past, of real coffee. The only fat was pig's fat, used in place of butter. The vast majority of the women were anemic and chronically ailing from insufficient food, most of the children were thin, anemic little creatures, undersized and suffering from rickets, tuberculosis, and other ailments. The women suffered the most; for when there was meat to be had, they gave it to the men and to their children.

"My man must work very hard all day," they would reply to protests at this sort of thing. Just as if they did not also work all day, cooking, scrubbing, washing and ironing clothing, and caring for a household of children!

In 1922 I lived in Berlin in the home of an old widow

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who received a pension from the Government. This pension was so small that it barely paid her house rent. She and her little half-blind granddaughter dragged out a miserable existence on the rent received from two small rooms. I had been ill for some time and the doctor said I must have chicken broth. Chicken broth in that house, where an egg was a curiosity and meat a stranger! The old woman took her basket and started for the market. On the way the entire apartment house became aware of the fact that a chicken was to be brought home. The whole market soon knew of her pilgrimage and competed for her favor; after she had spent an hour or two informing the market of her presence and selecting a proper fowl she returned home laden with messages: the fruit woman sent to me—to the American woman rich enough to buy a chicken—the word that she had *lovely* strawberries for sale; the butter-and-cheese woman wished me to know of the excellence of her wares; and the flower woman had beautiful flowers for the sick.

Our neighborhood was a poor one and a chicken was an event. The prestige of the old widow went up rapidly. The woman in the apartment beneath us donated a pot for cooking the fowl, although my landlady had one; but it seems that it is not every pot which can boast of having cooked a chicken. Another woman came and offered to pluck the fowl, and still another came to take care of it while it cooked. When the cooking was finished, the old widow brought the chicken and the soup on a tray and set it beside me; then, with hands folded over her stomach, she stood watching me from the foot of the bed. Her face was that of an artist who has had an opportunity to produce a masterpiece—a hungry artist's face it was, however. To her amazement I offered her half of her handiwork. Then her silence was broken and she poured forth a tale of longing for chicken—a longing of ten years' duration, for no chicken had been in her house since pre-war days. She shook hands with me and called her granddaughter to do the same. Reverently she took the fowl away, telling me that (it was Friday) she would keep it for Sunday dinner.

That night she carefully placed the fowl in the cool air before the kitchen window and retired to sleep.

But the hand of fate intervened. Late in the evening, the poor, half-starved medical student who occupied the back room and who lived on black bread and tea, came in. He went into the kitchen to make his tea. From my room I heard the suspicious rattle of a knife or fork on a dish and I knew he—who had also seen no chicken for years—was unable to resist temptation.

Next morning the old widow was prostrate. The student, she informed me, had devoured their Sunday dinner. Against her protests, which gradually melted away in the face of facts, I gave her the other half of the chicken. And that night, after the student had been sufficiently browbeaten to insure his good behavior, the fowl was placed in the cool air on the window-sill to await the coming of Sunday. But the old woman could not sleep. Around midnight, unable to stand it any longer, she arose, awoke her little granddaughter, and the two of them had a grand midnight feast.

For months I lived with another landlady, a former peasant woman, before I learned that her thin, emaciated body was caused by constant underfeeding and not by illness. My extra food could remain in her kitchen for days and could go to waste, but neither she nor her hungry, growing boy would think of touching it. A quarter of a pound of hacked meat once a week would be shared between them. Potatoes, carrots, and black bread served for their diet. By accident I learned that they kept and used my old tea leaves after they had been used and were to be thrown away.

The workers, and in fact the vast majority of city and town people, live no better than the persons I have mentioned, it matters not what may be said to the contrary by American correspondents who live in hotels, travel second class, or who pick up their information from the talk conducted in the comfortable homes in which they secure rooms. (Americans seldom or never live as do the German masses, but only in charming rooms in wealthier homes, in hotels, or in expensive pensions.) The average workingman must support a family on an income one-third or one-half of his pre-war earnings. Furthermore, he receives his wages weekly, while prices increase daily. His salary on Saturday can buy practically nothing if it is held over even for one day.

Added to this constant undernourishment is the heart-rending economic uncertainty, which is far worse than poverty. Formerly even a poor man knew that if he saved a mark for a week, it retained its purchasing power. Today, twelve milliards may buy a loaf of bread, but tomorrow it will only buy half a loaf, and next week it will not buy even one slice. In the past three days, for instance, bread has gone up from nine hundred million marks to twelve milliards a loaf; butter from two milliards to twenty-two milliards; fat from one milliard to fifteen and eighteen milliards per pound. No one even thinks of such insignificant sums as millions any more: one postal stamp for Berlin costs four millions, and for foreign postage, thirty millions. By the time this article reaches America both postage and the cost of everything else will have risen to still more fantastic figures.

The week has witnessed looting of many shops in various parts of the city, unrest in most cities throughout the country, and actual street fighting in many. Looting and rioting is regarded as so much grist to the mills of the Communists and the reactionaries alike. The Communists take advantage of it and preach their dogma; the monarchists do the same. They smile cynically when they read of the frightful increase in the cost of living and say: "It has not yet gone far enough. It must be worse still before the masses realize the mistake they have made in establishing a republic! We shall wait a bit longer." But most of the town people are so weary, so destroyed by uncertainty and long years of nervous strain, that they do not care what happens. They are tired of it all. The newspapers often publish statistics showing the alarming increase in suicides—eloquent proof of weariness and despair. From every church in Berlin funerals are held each day. They are not only suicides, of course, but are people who die of slow starvation, or of ailments which could have been cured but for long undernourishment.

Statistics, however, can never speak so eloquently as do the crowds of women with their grim faces and angry eyes standing in the cold winds for hours, waiting their turn to buy a bit of bread or fat or potatoes. These tragic lines tell a story of hunger and despair and an even sadder story of the degeneration of the city population. For in these days no one hears talk of music, or literature, or art, or of any cultural movements. Life has been reduced to a hunt for bread.

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Toward Britain

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE drift toward Britain continues; and the city of Washington seems to move again into the mood which marked it just before President Monroe delivered his well-known lecture to the European Continent one hundred years ago next month.

Then, as now, the Continent exhibited a strong resurgence of autocracy. Now, as then, the city of Washington begins to exhibit a strong recoil from thoughts of Europe as Europe to thoughts of Europe as consisting of the Continent and of Britain.

To this development the conversation here of some of the amiable and highly intelligent diplomatic representatives of certain European autocratic governments has been no inconsiderable contribution. These gentlemen seem quite unable to perceive an important difference between a government which governs well and lawlessly and a government which governs well and lawfully. Or, to put it differently, law for them seems to be any fiat by any person who by any means is on top. They seem genuinely and naively unable to attach any importance to the ideas which in 1776 caused a large number of Americans, who were being governed in fact very well and who were extremely prosperous, to mar their prosperity for seven years by fighting a war in order to establish their right to govern themselves perhaps worse.

This writer recollects now—with a belated sense of its instructiveness—a conversation which he had in 1918 with a most capable and experienced European journalist from a Southern European continental country. This writer had chanced to remark to him that presently in the United States there would be an election. "Not at all," rejoined the experienced traveler from abroad. "Your Government will not permit it. There is a war and your Government will not want an election. There will be none." This writer thereupon endeavored to persuade him that since the having of the election was commanded by the Constitution it would have to take place. The distinguished visitor was totally unmoved by this argument. He still maintained resolutely that since the election would be an inconvenience to the Government it would not be permitted.

That point of view, which seemed to this writer then to be only a curiosity, seems now to be a natural manifestation of a widespread state of mind in many European continental countries. The fiat of the sovereign seems in those countries to be the definition of law just exactly as it was when that definition first was made by the jurists of the Roman Empire.

The behavior of the representatives of such countries in an international court becomes more than ever a theme of anxious speculation in Washington.

In any case, while on the Continent the imported British fashion of representative government is more and more discarded, the minds of thoughtful American public men turn more and more to the continued constitutional course of the Mother of Parliaments on the Thames. The French begin to suffer in the esteem of Washington not only from their invasion of the Ruhr, which has many critics, but also from their inevitable immersion in the affairs of a Continent which seems increasingly to be dominated by political principles alien to those which lie at the foundation of this republic.

Vaguely and gropingly, but without pause, the impression gains ground that on much of the European Continent today, from Spain all the way to Russia, there is something as different from us and as uncongenial to our ways of political life as the Holy Alliance was a hundred years ago. The parallel so often stressed between those days and these begins to show itself with an expanding fidelity.

Britain, now as then, is the supreme victor of a mighty war and an intense sufferer from the ensuing peace. Then, having defeated Napoleon, Britain turned at home to see the burning of hay-ricks and the smashing of factory machines and a long line of other outbreaks by a hungry population. Now, having defeated William the Second, Britain turns at home to a mountainous burden of unemployment doles and to the growing power of the politicians of the proletariat.

Now, as then, Britain turns to the United States and once more, in Canning's flamboyant words, "calls in the New World to redress the balance of the Old." Canning wished the United States to cooperate with Britain in the matter of the freeing of South America from Spanish trade restrictions and of the opening of it to world prosperity. Curzon wishes the United States to cooperate with Britain in the freeing of the European Continent from the restrictions, French or other, which check its trade revival and for the opening of it to the unimpeded currents of world-wide commercial interchange.

Meanwhile, then as now, the United States had refused to enter an international organization for peace, although ardently requested by the Massachusetts peace society and by the New York *Evening Post* to regard that organization with approving interest. Then, though earnestly solicited by the Russian envoy at Washington to cast its lot in with the Holy Alliance, the United States declined the invitation with the polite and soothing remark that it could best help the noble purposes of the Holy Alliance by staying out of it. Now an American President, unconscious of plagiarism, has repeated that same remark to a contemporary Europe desiring our presence in the League.

There followed then, as there has followed now, a period in which a faction favoring France and a faction favoring Britain could be seen threatening the internal solidarity of the American capital. Upon that period comes now, as there came then, a period in which the friendship for France wanes before the similarity with Britain in institutions and in interests.

Jefferson then counseled joint action with Britain. Many American public men are moving toward it now. Yet then it did not happen. Instead there happened—a hundred years ago next month—a declaration solitarily by the United States while Britain, not joining in the declaration and itself in time one of its victims, gave it the silent support of its men-of-war cruising and guarding the waves between the European and the South American shores.

Will there be again an American President who will assert an American course of action in a moment of world danger and assert it by himself and in the name of this country alone, while all the time behind it lies the concurrence and the latent might of Britain? That is the question which at this time of the centennial of the Monroe Doctrine is the doctrine's true contemporary suggestion.

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Where the Workers Live

In the Steel Country

A Diary with Drawings

By HUGO GELLERT

I

McKEESPORT is a small town in the Pennsylvania iron region, wedged in between the Youghiogheny and Monongahela rivers. It has a street or two of stores and offices, few schools, many churches, and the sooty black shanties of the workers. Many iron bridges cross the muddy rivers. Barren hills flatten against the dull sky.

* * *

A few workers sat in the employment office of the National Tube Company as I stepped in to apply for a job. Inclosed in narrow black frames that hung on the walls were mottoes printed in large type. "Be faithful to your employer" was the beginning of one, "Don't be a knocker" was the title of the other—an Elbert Hubbard effusion. A clerk behind a small inclosure took our names. "Come back after dinner to be examined by the doctor," he said as he sent us away.

* * *

When I returned I found the office full of men, mostly foreigners and Negroes. The clerk marched us across the street to the doctor's office, where we sat in the lobby on long benches waiting for our turn. The doctor placed his palm against the lower part of the abdomen of each of us and asked us to cough. This done, our eyes were tested. Each man got a card and was told to call ready to work at the office of the labor boss on the following morning at 6:55.

* * *

I was assigned to a group of Mexican workers. Our foreman was a kindly little Irishman. We climbed into a railroad car that was filled with gravel and started to unload it. The car stood beside a long shed. The openings of the shed were above the height of the car. We had to shovel the gravel over our shoulders to get it through the openings.

One of the men spoke to me. I tried my best to answer him in his own language. He seemed grateful for it and later he told me that it should be easy for me to get a job as a foreman of the Mexican laborers, since I could speak Spanish. "I don't care to be a slave-driver," I said. He shook my hand and repeated my words to his countrymen.

* * *

This group of Mexicans had unloaded six cars of gravel in four days. We finished the seventh car at about noon on the day of my arrival. The gravel was piled high, blocking the openings of the shed, and still another car was waiting to be emptied. Two men were ordered to each opening to shovel the gravel to the far side of the shed. I was one of the men chosen for that work. While we cleared the openings the men in the car had to stand idle. Then we

A Mexican

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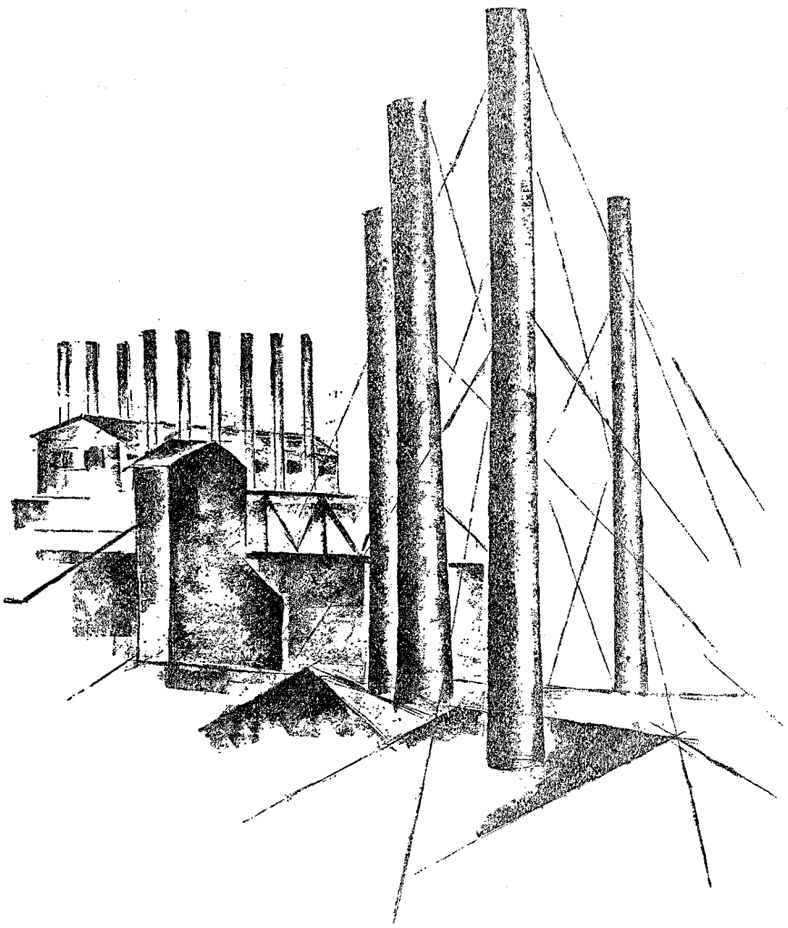

Chimneys

waited while they piled up the gravel again. The foreman did not like the arrangement and told us so. "This is hard work and we need these rests," I ventured—and it *was* hard work.

It began to rain hard. The men climbed into the shed. What a good-looking lot they were! Some of them were boys with little black mustachios and big sombreros. I imagined them back in Mexico among their adobe houses with their gaily arrayed *muchachas*. They seemed out of place in this modern industrial plant soberly viewing the smoke as it rose from the giant stacks.

The rain beat down and the wind blew it in through the openings and the smoke made breathing hard. A boy began to whistle a sad southern tune. They all took it up and chanted an endless song in slow, monotonous tones. . . . The foreman's head popped up: "Whatcha call this—a Sunday school?"

*
* *

The next morning the labor boss—a cross-eyed Swede—gave me a shovel and sent me to work with an old man. The old man took me into a cellar under one of the repair shops. Behind arched openings sand was piled nearly to the ceiling. From the top of the sand-hill I could distinguish the forms of other men in the darkness—all of them old like the one who brought me. I could tell by the stoop of their bodies and by the thinness of their voices. They were talking, telling smutty jokes. Old men boasting of their conquests. The old liars! They disgusted me.

I had to shovel the sand down toward the passage. The damp dark cellar, the chattering old men, the bumping of my head against the steel beams got on my nerves. . . . I climbed up to daylight. I met the Swede labor boss. "It's a bum job you gave me," I told him. "What's the matter? It is a good yop," he answered. "Good, hell! Keeping us in a dark hole like rats."

The Mexican boys came to join us. That made it different. I was more willing to go back to work—with them.

The Mexicans and I loaded a truck full of cement. Then we all piled on top of the cement bags and drove through town to the home of the Swede boss. He had an ugly but comfortable house. We carried the cement into the cellar. Great big pieces of hard coal were stacked neatly up to the ceiling.

It was three o'clock when we returned to the mills. The boss asked the Mexicans if they wanted to work overtime that evening. He asked in a voice that warned: "I won't take 'no' for an answer." Of course they all said "Yes." It was Saturday and we stopped work at 4:30. The Mexican boys were to start again at 6 p.m. and stay at it till 6 o'clock the next morning. They worked twenty-two hours every Saturday—why not? Didn't they get good pay? Six dollars for the twelve hours. They paid us four dollars and forty cents for a ten-hour day.

Shoveling

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She *Would* Be!

By A. NEIL LYONS

HIS real name is Robert Tiffin; but they call him Tiffy. That shows you what he is: a decent fellow; one of the best.

I have been watching Tiffy. He has inspired me with a passion of envy. I want to be like Tiffin. I want to grow a beard and look like Tiffin. I want to live the way Tiffin lives. Above all, I want to find a second Mrs. Tiffin, a spiritual twin-sister of Mrs. Tiffin, to have and to hold for my own.

He farms. He farms the eighteen acres and certain adherent rods, poles, or perches which form that snug little holding called Newton's Croft. He farms in his dressing-gown, from a front porch, sitting in a canvas-backed chair, with a baby daughter on each knee and a publication called *Fireside Flashes* in his hand. The pages of this book are crammed with good things, red-hot apothegms like these:

Opportunity is only another name for hard work.—*Lord Leverhulme.*

In the bright Lexicon of youth there is no such word as "fail."—*Lady Diana Manners.*

George Washington never "took it easy."—*President Harding.*

If at first you don't succeed—try, try, try again.—*The Bishop of London.*

Keep moving.—*Eugene Sandow.*

It is Tiffin's habit to read these stimulating thoughts aloud to his baby daughters. There is method, and a certain forceful calm about his way of farming which appeals to me.

I remember well the day when first I crossed the threshold of Newton's Croft. It was a Friday, and I wanted eggs. I had noticed the patriarchal group within the porch, and not being conversant with the Tiffin method of husbandry, I had supposed it to consist of "summer visitors"; for that rather profitable product is much cultivated on our landscape.

But Mrs. Tiffin undeceived me.

Mrs. Tiffin came to the door when I knocked, and we liked each other from the first. She was so bright, so fresh, so dimpled. She had such a capable look, and was evidently, like myself, a foe to sloth. She had a spade in one hand, a broom in the other, a cloth over her shoulder, and soapsuds in her hair. She said to me: "Eggs? Well, sir, our chickun don't lay none too partickler grand jist now, but if 'tis on'y 'arf-a-dozen—well, sir, I'll see if Tiffy've got a minute to spare. No doubt 'e could find you 'arf-a-dozen."

I was fortunate, it seemed. Mrs. Tiffin, after absenting herself for a minute or so, returned to tell me, with a smiling countenance, that Tiffy had stolen a minute in which to look for the eggs. Very soon he brought them, and I recognized in "Tiffy" the patriarch of the dressing-gown. We shook hands. I proffered a treasury note in payment for the eggs. But Tiffy had no change.

"Another time would do," said Mrs. Tiffin. "Any time would do," said Tiffy.

"Then *next* time," said your servant.

"Cert'nly!" echoed Tiffy. "Next time."

"Soon as Tiffy's got a few minutes to spare," said Mrs. Tiffin, "he'll have to run into the village and fetch a few shillings' worth of silver. We be allus wantin' it. You'll really 'a' to try and find a minute, Tiffy."

Tiffy nodded thoughtfully, and, with a little sigh of weariness, hurried off to his porch. I went home and kept the fast.

Next time it was also eggs.

Mrs. Tiffin said I had called at a fortunate moment, for the chickun had recovered their form, and Tiffin, she *believed*, was disengaged for a minute or two, and could visit the fowl-house at once. Whereupon Mrs. Tiffin betook herself to a grass-plot which adjoins the house, and spoke to a recumbent figure which reposed there, surrounded by baby daughters.

The figure moved and slowly uprose and walked away, and then came back again—with eggs.

"There's been a rat in that big coop," said Tiffy, gloomily, as he handed me the eggs.

"Never mind, Tiffy," responded his wife, in brisk and cheerful tones, such as all good wives should always use; "never mind; once we get the 'arvest in I daresay you can find time to run across some evenin' and nail they roof boards up."

The next time I saw Mrs. Tiffin, we spoke about dogs. But this was a matter with which Mrs. Tiffin felt herself unfitted by nature to cope. Tiffy always did the dog business. Would I have the kindness to sit down and await the return of Tiffy, which was imminent? Tiffy, finding himself actually at leisure for half an hour, had gone off into the fields with his gun. "As I say to him," said Mrs. Tiffin, "it don't do nobody no good never to amuse theirself. 'You snatch a minute while you can,' I say, 'and take your old gun out, Tiffy, and bring us 'ome a rabbit or two for Sunday.'"

Hardly had this admirable wife ceased speaking, when Tiffy returned. He wore a somber air, and was obviously fatigued and thirsty. Mrs. Tiffin, hastening indoors, brought out his canvas-backed chair, upon the seat of which he placed himself with a thud.

"We've got in the rest of that hay, dear," said Mrs. Tiffin. "So jest you set there and take it easy for once in a way."

Tiffin smiled at her, wanly. He put his hand to his coat and produced from its pocket two fat blackbirds, which, with a modestly triumphant air, he flung at the feet of Mrs. Tiffin.

"Oh, *thank* you, Tiffy," said Mrs. Tiffin.

"If I get a minute or two to spare termorrer," said Mr. Tiffin, "I'll get you some more. Six o' they'd make a good pie."

"Oh, *thank* you, Tiffy," said Mrs. Tiffin.

Mr. Tiffin then talked dog. "To tell you the truth, sir," he said, "I *have* got a dog and I don't care 'ow soon I gits rid of 'im; for, to tell you the truth, sir, we got the plumbers comin' in termorrer."

"We're gointer 'ave a pump," explained his wife, smiling happily on Tiffy. "'Tis no use at all for us to try to get on the same as we 'ave 'ad to get on up to now. Would you believe it, sir, every drop o' water that I use indoor that 'ave got to be carried 'ere be Tiffy."

Tiffy nodded gloomily, in confirmation of this statement.

"We're gettin' some lead put into the porch, too," added Mrs. Tiffin. "In time o' rain that let in all the water, and poor old Tiffy, he haves to quit 'is readin' and come indoor. 'Tis hard lines if poor old Tiffy, sir, can't 'ave a little read now an' then in 'is own porch in 'is own spare time."

I acquiesced; and as to the dog, I took it away, on trial.

When I came back again on the next afternoon but one to deliver my report on the dog, I found myself confronted by a scene of furious activity.

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There were holes all over the roof of Newton's Croft, and plumbers, plumbers, everywhere.

Mrs. Tiffin, with a pitchfork in one hand, a baby daughter in the other, and hay in her hair, was assisting the farm-boy to build a rick; while Tiffy—ah, Tiffy was busy too.

At first I thought that I had had the luck to catch him in one of his rare moments of inactivity, for he was sitting motionless, silent, and, to all appearances, without purpose by the side of the well. But when I drew near to him, Tiffy frowned at me and explained things.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Tiffy, "but ye'll 'ave to call back again about that dog. I'm—I'm rather busy, sir. I dursn't leave this place here. You see they've took the cover off the well, sir; so I be bound to sit 'ere, to sit and watch lest 'ere one of our chickun should fall in."

Far be it from me to play the base part of tempter. Far be it from me to come between a man and his manly labors. I left Tiffy at it. I stole away. In the evening I went back again. Mrs. Tiffin invited me into the bright, warm kitchen. She placed in my hand—ignoring every protest—a glass of warm, bright liquid. I noticed that she held a wood-chopper in her hand, and that there was coal-dust on her hair. Tiffy, arrayed in dressing-gown and slippers, sat in the chimney corner behind a glass like mine.

"'Tis mulled ale," said Mrs. Tiffin, referring to the glass. "I've 'otted it up for pore old Tiffy, here. He've been so upset, sir, pore old Tiffy 'ave. . . . Happened to look up from the well for half a minute s'afternoon and bless'd if a foolish old chickun didn't fall in! . . .

"'Tis hard lines, sir," continued Mrs. Tiffin, "if pore old Tiffy can't take a minute off to fill he's pipe without a chickun fall in the well!"

She cast a look of warm affection and sympathy at the trouble-stricken man. She filled his pipe and handed it to him, together with a lighted match.

It was then I asked Mrs. Tiffin for news of her unmarried sisters, only to be told that Mrs. Tiffin was an only child.

"She *would* be," was my bitter thought, as I sat unhappily at home, eating beef with mustard which I had had to spread by my own labor.

Poems

By ROBERT L. WOLF

A Pagan Reinvokes the Twenty-third Psalm

I knock again and try again the key,
I, who, enraged, fled from Thy temple's trees
Because the presence of my enemies
Around the table there offended me. . . .
I, who laid up so long and bitterly
Complaints and old reproaches, on my knees
Offer regret for years misspent as these,
And wonder how such folly came to be.

Anoint again my head and let me walk
The valley of the shadow, with the rod
Thou hast afforded for my comfort, God:
My soul restored, and singing through my veins.
Forgive the years of idle, foolish talk:
The cup that runneth over still remains.

Cobweb Boy

You who were the breath of spring
Now are just—not anything.
You who broke the morning dew
Of my dreaming, try—can you
Go repair a spider-swing;
Go restore a wild wasp's sting,
Put again the tangled lace
Of a milkweed in its place?
Build a snowflake? All of death
Lies in one warm hasty breath.

In the Driftway

SOMETIME ago the Drifter received, from a generous lady in Maryland, an invitation to drift in the direction of her farm sometime and get completely lost off the beaten trails. His usual custom with letters—even generous letters, and his readers may as well know it—is to keep them in his left-hand coat-pocket until they are quite worn out and then throw them away regretfully. Occasionally, however, a communication comes to him which cannot be ignored. Such a one came the other day, not from the Maryland lady but from her husband, and it shows the Drifter up in such an extremely poor light that justice demands he give it to the world.

* * * * *

"MY dear Drifter," it begins, in a deceivingly amiable way:

for two hours only the creak of leather broke the silence, or the rattle of a halter chain. Not a bird, not even a wolf slinking through the open timber; even the footfalls of the horse were muffled and extinguished by the mat of pine needles. The swarms of mosquitoes left me at the edge of Brimstone Basin; their singing would have been welcome now. . . . At last, here is the Fundamental, nothing but nothing. Time, no, unless the pines measure time, for no living thing is here, not even earthworms. Life, none, except that in the pines. Away to the right a mile away is steam; sulphurous vapor and poisonous water emerge from the whitened rocks. . . .

. . . A little kingdom of sixty miles width and ninety miles length. I am King, Warhorse (my horse) is Privy Counselor of the King, coyotes are my Parliament, and they meet nightly outside my door and yelp as much and as sincerely as the parliaments of men. My subjects are elk, moose, wolves, grizzlies, deer, cinnamon and black bears, mountain lions, and fishes. As motley a population as may be found in the hive you call a city. I am King, but only by the grace of these mountains. . . .

"These are excerpts," the communication went on to explain, "from letters which I wrote while living as a member of the United States Ranger Service in Wyoming, and while I was being paid $100 per month and horse furnished, for living by myself, sixty miles from the nearest human being, 120 miles from the nearest railroad, forty miles from the nearest wagon road, and for three weeks not seeing a human being. . . . You are not a devotee of my god, Solitude, my dear Drifter, you are a pretender to the priesthood! . . . Shame! The severity of the first vows appalled you . . . and now like a true dilettante you forswear Solitude and turn to the paths you have always secretly loved. . . ."

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NOW, the Drifter has not drifted all these many years for nothing. Solitude, he avers, is a state of mind. It does not mean the absence of human beings or wide, free spaces in which to wander at will. There is possibly more real solitude in a great crowd of persons than anywhere else in the world, and more companionship in coyotes and mountains than the Drifter's correspondent gives them credit for. However, the Drifter admits that he is fairly hit; he has been found guilty of saying one thing at one time and something entirely different at another time. He is willing to confess, however, that this is not the full measure of his sins; if his readers read him carefully enough they would realize that he has often been in two places at once, a more difficult feat obviously than in two different states of mind. And who could expect any more of him; he is, after all, only a rough fellow who drifts about from pillar to post and makes his living by it. Could one demand, or even want consistency, reason, or principle from

THE DRIFTER?

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

From the Book of Mormon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with passive resistance or non-resistance you might be interested in a story from the Book of Mormon, which is probably unfamiliar to most of your readers. It is from the twenty-fourth chapter of the Book of Alma.

"Now there was not one soul among all the people who had been converted unto the Lord that would take up arms against their brethren; nay, they would not even make any preparations for war. . . . they took their swords, and all the weapons that were used for the shedding of man's blood, and they did bury them deep in the earth . . . vouching and covenanting with God, that rather than shed the blood of their brethren, they would give up their own lives. . . .

"And it came to pass that their brethren, the Lamanites, made preparations for war and came up to the land of Nephi for the purpose of destroying the king . . . and the people.

"Now when the people saw that they were coming against them, they went out to meet them and prostrated themselves before them to the earth, and began to call on the name of the Lord; . . . and the Lamanites began to fall upon them, and began to slay them with the sword; and thus without meeting any resistance they did slay a thousand and five of them. . . .

"Now when the Lamanites saw this they did forbear from slaying them; and there were many whose hearts had swollen in them for those of their brethren who had fallen under the sword, for they repented of the things which they had done. And . . . they threw down their weapons . . . for they were stung for the murders which they had committed . . .

"And it came to pass that the people of God were joined that day by more than the number who had been slain . . . there were more than a thousand brought to the knowledge of the truth; thus we see that the Lord worketh in many ways to the salvation of his people."

This reminds one of Tolstoi's stories of how evil is overcome by good. But nowadays how many people in the community does one find who would rather be slain than do what they think is wrong?

Georgeville, Quebec, November 7 B. HAYES

The Ways of the Fathers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Hard's parallel between the days of Harding and Coolidge and those of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Madison seems to me more ingenious than accurate.

The tendency of the American public (not only the statesmen and politicians) between 1789 and 1814 to line up as Anglophils and Francophils was not due merely to the lack of an "American point of view" nor to "personal factional preferences." It was a positive phenomenon, not a negative one; it reflected material interests, not airy sentiment. The mercantile and financial capitalists of the North had good business reasons for dreading a war with England more than they dreaded a war with France. If they could not be neutral, they must be Anglophil. Moreover, the success of revolutionary France, even of Napoleonic France, meant a triumph of more or less thoroughgoing Jacobinism—and that meant aid and comfort to the debt-ridden small farmers and the disfranchised mechanics and laborers, who were already becoming dangerously restive under the merchant-banker regime. The ruling classes of New England and the Middle States had thus a valid and purely domestic reason for being Francophobes. To the Southern planters, on the other hand, neither foreign war nor French victory in Europe presented any grave terrors. Their fortunes were not at the mercy of British or French cruisers; and their peculiar working class, unlike that of the North, was quite immune to Jacobin infection. What they did fear, again on very practical and domestic grounds, was the consolidation of political power in the hands of the business classes; for them, "twisting the lion's tail" was a convenient mode of attack on the real enemy, the Federalist oligarchy.

Hamilton, and Adams, and Webster on the one side, Jefferson, and Calhoun, and Clay on the other, knew quite well where they stood, because they knew what their most influential constituents wanted, and why. Our "participationists" today do not know whether, in the event of participation, they would like to help England against France or France against England. Of course not, because their backers do not yet know. Their backers do not know, because they have bet money on both sides, and stand to lose either one way or the other if the Anglo-French difficulty comes to a crisis. It is significant that, although present-day France stands for black reaction and present-day England in some measure for social progress, the more progressive among our American politicians are not markedly pro-British nor are the standpatters notably anti-British. In a word, the American line-up on European issues is not a clear one, as it was a century ago, simply because it does not coincide with any line-up of conflicting interests in this country.

New York, November 5 A. L.

Why Modern Cream Is Thin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 24 the Drifter wonders what has become of the thick cream of his boyhood. In the first place, cream that has come through a separator does not get as thick as cream that has risen in a pan, and in the second place, milk or cream that has been pasteurized does not produce the thick clots that he has in mind. I have a Jersey cow that I milk myself, and if the Drifter will drop in some time I'll show him some old-fashioned thick cream right from the pan. In fact, I'll turn over to him for his own consumption a whole day's output, which he can eat in any manner he likes. And I'll inform him, in case he's never tried it, that ripe tomatoes with sugar and cream beat lettuce.

Magog, Quebec, November 7 W. B.

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From a Native Daughter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As dispenser of magazines in the Kansas City Public Library, I am writing to voice my disapproval of the article on Missouri by Manley O. Hudson in *The Nation* for October 13.

That any native son could be so lacking in patriotism and loyalty is amazing. The spirit in which this article is written is critical, unfair, grouchy; many of the facts are untrue. Some Missourians still have "to be shown," and I am one who will have to be shown that "Kansas City has no character." What does he mean by that statement anyway? Compared with other cities in the United States none has such beautiful homes or a better boulevard system; and Montgomery Ward's is beyond the city limits, I assure you.

I find none here so ignorant as the Americans he has met on the Atlantic coast, to whom "Missouri is a name for a river, a waltz, a compromise." And so Missourians do not read books? He had better consult librarians on that point rather than Baptist missionaries, for we have some statistics that can make him apologize for that statement. We know better and can show him. I learned at the University of Missouri, School of Journalism, which he concedes is a reputable institution, that the Kansas City *Star* ranks fifth among the best papers of the United States. We are thankful to know that we take our religion seriously. There may be some hope for Missourians in the day of the millennium. Really, we think it very regrettable that you permitted Missouri to enter These United States with such a black eye, and we should like to suggest that Mr. Hudson study for facts, style, and spirit the article, Missouri, Mother of the West, which appeared in the *National Geographic Magazine* for April, 1923.

Kansas City, October 23 MABEL B. MCCLURE,
Chief of the Periodical Department, Kansas City Public Library

Intelligence Tests for Tourists

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since restricted immigration into this country is now with us, why not have restricted emigration out of the United States? In view of the conduct of some of our compatriots abroad, wouldn't it be a good idea for the State Department prior to the annual exodus to hold an intelligence test for departing tourists before it clothes them with the magic sanctity of an American passport?

At a time when Anglo-American amity offers a dim hope for a banged and battered world, local good feeling toward us was not promoted at Cambridge University, England, last summer by the vandalism of a group of American tourists whose idea of improving European conditions was to scratch their initials, names, and home towns into a five-hundred-year-old gate. Then while the rest of us hung our heads in shame, they proceeded to chip off pieces of the gate—tokens of British interest on the debt to America.

Yours for the Americanization of Americans.

New York, November 11 SOPHIA AMSON OLMSTED

From a Willing Correspondent

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note frequent appeals from Central European sources for reading matter. I should be glad to get in personal touch with Germans, Austrians, and others who read and write English and who would like to correspond by letter on topics of mutual interest and receive American periodicals. I much prefer to make personal friends in this manner rather than to send impersonally. Could you help me?

Baltimore, October 4 T. W. S.

[*The Nation* will gladly forward the addresses of any persons who care to take advantage of this suggestion.]

Books

Children of the Sun

The Children of the Sun. A Study in the Early History of Civilization. By W. J. Perry. E. P. Dutton and Company. $8.

WHO were the "children of the sun"? They were a remarkable group of people in very ancient Egypt and Sumer, who were once the rulers of those countries and were later identified with the gods associated with vegetation and water and fertility. Later still they became the incarnation of the sun-god. The story of their rise and fall is the story which Mr. Perry has elaborated into a history of the origins of civilization; and his tale bears witness to the powers of the human mind with its aims and desires to impose its will on its environment, and to wrest from an unconcerned nature the material for its satisfactions.

Mr. Perry is an enthusiastic member and brilliant exponent of the new school of anthropologists, of which Rivers and Elliot Smith were the leaders, which pursues the historical method of inquiry and is opposed to the old school of evolutionists of which Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin were the great exponents. These latter assumed that human progress proceeded according to definite principles and laws, and that the study of anthropology would reveal the workings of those principles and laws. The new school, on the contrary, denies the existence of those principles, and asserts that they were mere assumptions which the records of anthropological research did not warrant. Similarity of cultures in different parts of the earth, say the historians, was due, not to the operation of laws, but to the practical demands of human beings in order to maintain life. These demands brought about a particular culture in a particular region favorable to the growth of that culture, which was spread to various other parts of the earth by migrations from its place of origin.

When food gatherers became food producers a civilization was brought into existence which reorientated man's relations with nature. He changed from what may be characterized as a condition of barbarism into a state of conscious mastery over the forces of nature. He could depend on his own efforts to keep himself alive, for his knowledge of agriculture and irrigation made him independent of chance. He could utilize the sun's energy and the properties of water to provide for his sustenance during times of winter and drought. Eygpt, more than any other country, was favorable to the discovery of those seemingly magical powers, and the first archaic civilization found its beginnings there. The discoverers of these powers were set apart from the rest of the community and, in time, endowed with divine attributes. They were treated as gods and the descendants of gods. In their search for those substances which were prized for their life-giving properties, these "children of the sun" brought their knowledge to other regions. It was thus that the wisdom of Egypt was carried to India, which, in her turn, carried it into Indonesia, from whence it spread across Polynesia, and so brought about the civilization of Maya in Mexico and Guatemala, followed by that of the Indians of North America. Always it was the specially endowed and cultured elements who civilized the peoples they came to live with, and always the transplanted civilization took on a degraded form according to the less favorable conditions it found for its growth. The Indians of North America, for example, built mounds, which are degraded forms of the stone pyramids of Mexico, and these, in their turn, are little more than degraded forms of the mighty structures of Egypt, where a complete theology of sun-worship had been long ago established and elaborated.

Thus civilization began in science, in the knowledge of how to apply the forces of nature to satisfy men's needs. It was so with religion, which did not originate in fear or the religious

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impulse, but was, as Elliot Smith says, "the logical interpretation of the scientific theory of the time for the practical benefit of the living; or, in other words, the means devised for receiving advice and active help of wise rulers after death. It was essentially a matter of practical politics and applied science. It became religion only when the advancement of knowledge superseded those primitive scientific theories and left them as soothing traditions for the thoughts and aspirations of mankind to cherish." The god was originally a man who could give help and advice; later, he was enriched "with the glamor of mystic symbolism," as the first Egyptians enriched Osiris. The "children of the sun" were mortals like the rest, but those whom they had so bountifully helped, apotheosized their powers, and a priesthood came into existence to solicit their supernatural boons. The infusion into the belief of mystical and symbolical elements was the work of this interested class of priests, and the further we get from the experience itself, the more mystical and symbolical does their teaching of traditions become. What in Egypt was originally the result of direct experience, became divorced from the experience as the beliefs were carried abroad and, as in the case of India, produced the speculations of the Brahmans and the Upanishads, and the theologies and cosmogonies which followed on them.

An interesting speculation is suggested by this fascinating inquiry into the origins of civilization, especially with reference to the ruling classes—an early development. Mr. Perry arrives at the definite conclusion that not only religion but political systems of state were due to the interaction of these ruling classes, and that war was entirely centered in ruling groups. From the days of power of the priesthood dispensing the wisdom of the "children of the sun" down to our own time of the empowered industrial barons, the process of development has been marked and interrupted by struggles between these ruling groups. Indeed, the hostility between them in the ages of the archaic civilization eventually broke up that civilization and brought about the disappearance of its cultural elements. The story of civilization is the story of a rise and then a decline and fall, and then a rise again in another form, but always at the mercy of the destructive powers of the ruling classes. The ruling classes go by other names today, and carry on their hostilities by other means than those used thousands of years ago, but their conflicts are of a like nature, and have ended in like dire results—in the degradation and ultimate destruction of the cultural element.

Mr. Perry's researches are of high import to the anthropologist and ethnologist, but they are of even more value to the statesman who can read between the lines of his literary presentation of the origins and progress of our human civilization.

TEMPLE SCOTT

The Lady as Artist

A Lost Lady. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

SINCE American criticism is as tolerant as it is, only her own artistic conscience can explain the fact that Miss Cather has slowly and surely perfected herself in her craft. Easily pleased in general we are; we praise one writer for his interesting story, another for his satirical keenness, another for his philosophy, and still another for his realistic detail, without crying out much in protest when the defects are as glaring as the virtues. Obviously, Miss Cather has had her own counsel of perfection which has made her not so easily pleased. She has not been content to be praised justly for the vividness and freshness of the sketches which made up "My Antonia" nor for the adroitness in the handling of plot which she exhibited in the stories composing "Youth and the Bright Medusa." Instead, she has constantly struggled to achieve that synthesis of qualities which alone can make a novel really fine, and in "A Lost Lady," short and slight as it is, she has achieved it. There would be no excuse for calling it a great novel—it is not that; but there would be equally little excuse for not recognizing the fact that it is that very rare thing in contemporary literature, a nearly perfect one. Miss Cather has come to the point where she can do the two or three things at once which a novelist must do. She can evoke by a few characteristic touches and by subtle suggestion a scene and a society without producing merely a "document"; she can present a character without writing a psychological treatise; she can point a moral without writing a sermon; and hence she is a novelist.

Memory is in a very true sense the mother of her muse, for in her youth she gathered a remarkable wealth of impressions, but instead of "pouring forth" this material in the approved contemporary fashion she has brooded upon it and formed it until her picture has both composition and meaning. Thus in the new book she has evoked again an epoch of the West, the epoch which she loves, when the land had been settled by "great-hearted adventurers who were unpractical to the point of magnificence" but had not yet passed from the hands of the pioneers into the hands of the swarm of exploiters and business men who came to "develop the country" with railroad, with factory, and with the hosts of thrifty hard-headed farmers who destroyed the "princely carelessness of the pioneer" and made the land populous and hence competitive and hence mean. But at the same time she has given us an original character completely integrated with the scene and a subtle problem in morals or aesthetics.

Miss Cather has been praised, and adequately praised, so many times during the last few years for her pictures of a civilization just past that in the case of the present book a fresher task will offer itself if the critic will turn from that aspect of her work and ask himself what she means by her story and what it reveals of the things to which her soul is most loyal. This lady, lost not upon the plains but lost to "ladyhood," who seemed in her big and gracious house an embodiment of the delicacies and refinements of a civilization which, save in her, had not yet reached the plains, but who was spotted within by a secret and unworthy passion—what does she mean to Miss Cather and what is the nature of her guilt? To the romantic boy through whose eyes we see her she is simply the problem as old as the time when women first were fair and false, but to Miss Cather, I think, the guilt is not moral but aesthetic, and aesthetic in a very particular way. The lady, though she did not write nor paint nor act nor sing, was essentially an artist. She was consciously a lady, and she had devoted her vitality to the creation of a person who was more than a person, who was The Lady as a type and as a work of art, so that when she failed she failed as an artist. In a completer civilization she might have found lovers worthy of her who would not have spoiled her creation but she failed because she was not artist enough to refuse to do at all what she could not do worthily. Her life on the frontier with her aging husband would have been dreary enough, and any mere private person might have been forgiven for seeking diversion wherever he could find it, but the artist must sacrifice himself for his work. The lost lady was guilty and lost because she put her own happiness before her art and betrayed her ideal to snatch at the joy of life.

When "One of Ours" was published many critics went into sackcloth and wept for a talented writer who seemed to have given her allegiance to a vulgar ideal, but "A Lost Lady" will serve to set fears at rest. It makes clearer than any of her previous books has done the essentially aristocratic character of Miss Cather's sympathies and explains her choice of subjects. The artists and the pioneers whom she has always written about are united in their spirit of high adventure, in the romantic impracticability of their aims, and in their success in the creation of comely and rounded types—hence her interest. It is obvious that Miss Cather looks not only at her own craft but at life as well from the standpoint of one to whom fitness is all.

J. W. KRUTCH

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Shakespearean Studies

Oxford Bibliographical Society. Proceedings and Papers. Volume I, Part i. Oxford University Press, American Branch.

Shakespeare's Use of Song. By Richmond Noble. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $4.20.

Shakespeare Association Papers: "The Problem of Timon of Athens," by T. M. Parrott; "Rise and Fall in Shakespeare's Dramatic Art," by Roman Dyboski. Oxford University Press, American Branch. Each 70 cents.

In Commemoration of the First Folio Tercentenary. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $1.70.

Shakespeare in Poland. By Josephine Calina (Mrs. Allardyce Nicoll). Oxford University Press. $2.

Studies in the Development of the Fool in the Elizabethan Drama. By Olive Mary Busby. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $1.20.

THAT the lately founded Oxford Bibliographical Society begins its career with serious intentions is evident from the paper on "Standard Descriptions of Printed Books" which three of its members contribute to the first instalment of its Proceedings and which contains suggestions of value to librarians and to bibliographers generally. But we are here concerned with the other paper now published: Mr. Percy Simpson's account of "The Bibliographical Study of Shakespeare," which, like the lately published essay by Mr. Herford, is a clear and concise statement of the methods and results of the "new" Shakespearean scholarship in the three fields in which bibliography has during the past twenty years contributed so much to literary criticism. The discoveries of Messrs. Pollard and Greg as to the false dating of certain quartos of 1619; the speculations of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson as to Shakespeare's handwriting and his possible share in the play of Sir Thomas More; and the theories as to Elizabethan punctuation propounded by Mr. Simpson himself are here summarized.

Mr. Noble reprints the text of the principal songs with punctuation in accordance with the Elizabethan usage, an interesting and convincing illustration of Mr. Simpson's theory. His essay is much more elaborate than the earlier studies of the Songs by Percy Scholes and J. R. Moore. Mr. Noble insists very properly that all serious students of Elizabethan literature should make themselves aware of the impressive extent of musical culture in the age of Shakespeare. He believes that Shakespeare probably had folk-airs in mind when writing the songs. His expert knowledge of music enables him to make various interesting suggestions with regard to their rendition on the stage; but his talents as a critic of literature are by no means so robust and occasionally lead him into exegetical efforts that are fantastic. I do not believe that in the "Owl Song" Shakespeare threw into antithesis the picturesque and the disagreeable characteristics of winter, nor that "greasy Joan" keeling the pot is the climax of disagreeableness. Poor Joan! Still more forced are Mr. Noble's attempts to read dramatic satire into "Who is Sylvia?" (of which he says that "the flattery by its obvious insincerity is insulting") and "Hark, hark the lark." Nor do I believe that Shakespeare chose the "Veni Creator" as the model for "Come thou monarch of the vine," nor that, had he done so, would the choice have been "a tribute to the dramatist's exquisite judgment." Mr. Noble's inquiry centers in the comedies; in the tragedies, with two exceptions, the songs are mere ballads and snatches introduced for emotional effects and for color. But in the comedies there are very definite lines of development, from the crude contrivance of singers who are introduced upon the stage for the sole purpose of rendering the song and are then withdrawn, through the phase of children who act as well as sing, to the appearance of Amiens who not only sings, but has a definite, though minor, part in the action; and on to "Twelfth Night" where there is a thorough use of adult singers. The "Winter's Tale" develops the precedent of "Twelfth Night" with more dialogue in the songs, and the culmination is reached in "The Tempest" where "the songs are so deeply imbedded in the text as dialogue that it is unnecessary to stop the action to permit them to be performed, for they are essentially a part of it." "The more Shakespeare gained in experience, the more relevant did he make his songs to their context and the more important was their office in promoting his dramatic ends."

Mr. Parrott's solution of the problem of "Timon of Athens" is a sort of compromise between the formulae of Wright and Robertson. Like the former critic (and, in my opinion, with unquestionable correctness) he believes that a second hand completed Shakespeare's unfinished play, not, as Robertson holds, that Shakespeare's was the second hand which completed the work of another dramatist. But like Robertson he believes that the non-Shakespearean portion was largely the work of Chapman, contending, however, that those passages which Robertson explains as Chapman's reworking of Shakespeare's original draft are in reality the result of revision by a third hand of passages in Chapman's additions. Various obscurities are explained by the theory that Chapman's contributions were too long and were subjected to drastic shortening by this third party. I do not know why Mr. Parrott does not accept, nor even mention, Mr. Wright's, to me, convincing explanation of that singular crux, the scene in which Alcibiades pleads before the Senate.

A different and old-fashioned kind of criticism is seen in Mr. Dyboski's discourse upon the alternating periods of rise and fall, tension and relaxation, inspiration and exhaustion in Shakespeare's art. That great geniuses experience temporary declines in power is a truism; there are noteworthy modern instances that might be recalled. But to fit this truism into a scheme of Shakespeare's development results in unconvincing generalities.

Mr. Dyboski is the editor of the great Polish translation of Shakespeare which was published at Crakow in 1912-13 and which is the culmination of the long history of Polish interest in Shakespeare—the subject of Mrs. Nicoll's admirable little book, which, by the way, is the first instalment of a new series of studies of the influence of Shakespeare upon foreign literatures. The chief Polish translations, imitations, and critical appreciations are here succinctly appraised.

The Worshipful Company of Stationers celebrated the First Folio Tercentenary by reprinting the preliminary matter of the Folio in a handsome brochure provided with beautifully produced facsimiles and with a brief informative introduction by Sir Israel Gollancz. This is but one of several such memorial publications.

Miss Busby's essay on the Elizabethan fool does not embrace a study of Shakespeare's fools and clowns, who, however, lurk in the back of the reader's mind throughout her treatise. Her account of "origins" is largely a reworking of old material, well summarized, however. The story of the evolution of the fool as a dramatic character may be summed up in her own words: "The dramatists seem to have realized that the only way to prevent the clown from spoiling their plays was to develop his part more fully themselves and to connect it as closely as possible with the main action." Some dramatists found the most satisfactory means of making this connection in the type of comic servant; but nowhere outside of Shakespeare is the fool of such importance to the action as are Feste and the devoted attendant upon Lear. The characteristics of typical fools are well discussed: their hatred of discomfort; love of fine clothes; their rough and tumble fighting; the frequency of their songs; their blunders in speech, their sententiousness, and satiric gibes.

This review has been no more than a brief and necessarily inadequate survey of a few of the many Shakespearean studies that are constantly appearing. For the surpassingly rich field of inquiry is being explored with an unceasing and untiring enthusiasm which often adds items of real value to our understanding of Shakespeare.

SAMUEL C. CHEW

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The Amazing Wrongness of Mr. Waterhouse

Random Studies in the Romantic Chaos. By Francis A. Waterhouse. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

THIS is a book difficult for me to review briefly, for I have encountered few critics who, in my opinion, manage to be wrong in such a variety of ways as Mr. Waterhouse manages to be. His volume contains eight essays—A Short History of the Philistine; Paradox on Bonaparte; An Interview with Rousseau; Victor Hugo's Operas; Realistic Objectivity versus Classical Objectivity; Rudyard Kipling—Primitivist; O. Henry—Jongleur; Mozart, Chopin, and Debussy—and each of these essays is, in my opinion, wrong after its fashion. Some are wrong in their generalizations, others are wrong in their particulars, still others have no claim to existence because they are no more than elaborated platitudes. At times the author cannot see the trees for his theoretical forest, until one is ready to cry with Grillparzer: "The devil take all theories!" At other times he scrapes the bark of particular trees with so close an attention that he is unaware of the forest. At still other times—as when he writes on O. Henry and the three composers for the piano—he verbosely reveals Polichinelle's secret with the air of a discoverer. But such harsh statements require proofs, and I shall present as many as space permits.

The first essay offers ample evidence of Mr. Waterhouse's wrongness. He begins with the statement that many critics are bewailing the dearth of "higher civilization" in the United States. He then says that none of them has isolated the cause of this dearth. After which he states simply that we have no real art or literature because of our philistines. This is his discovery: the culpability of the American philistine. It is fantastic. Can Mr. Waterhouse, even in Texas, have failed to hear the gangplank speeches delivered by successive shiploads of avowed intellectuals casting off for Europe? Here on the coast line, at least, the din of denunciation has been deafening. But I do not blame Mr. Waterhouse so much for what he has not heard as for the theory he has evolved in loneliness. Not only has he not made a new and correct discovery, but he has fallen victim, unconsciously, to a very common delusion. He and the gangplank orators, whom he has not heard, are one: they believe (perhaps the orators have lost something of this belief after sojourning in Europe) that the American philistine is an animal who is more antagonistic to art and culture than is the French philistine, the German philistine, or any other philistine whatsoever. This is the country, Mr. Waterhouse tells us, where "Nothing is given the original thinker, the subtle author, the genius of the bacteriological laboratory, the gifted composer." One looks at a map of the world and sighs to think that these United States should be so peculiar. Here is a strangely Rousseauistic error in one who sees the "deadly effects" of Rousseau's "mental poison" everywhere, in one who writes a book of essays through which Rousseau stalks as the villain of the piece, in one who will be glad when the romantic game is played out "and we shall be free to start a new one." Rousseau, in the midst of civilization, sought escape in a primitive world of his own imagination: Mr. Waterhouse, surrounded by American philistines, seeks escape in a Europe of his own imagination.

When Mr. Waterhouse seeks "a genuine picture of American life" he selects Dreiser's "The Genius." This, I think, requires no comment. Elsewhere he tells us that emphasis on plot has ousted "the classical doctrine that the characters constitute the essential element of the novel or the play." In bewilderment one turns back to Aristotle for reassurance; and having done so one is tempted to suggest to this critic that the trick endings which he hates derive directly from the "recognition scenes" in Greek tragedy. Then we read on to find that "Tom Jones" is cited as a novel in which character furnishes the chief interest. Here we stumble. But if we continue we are rewarded, with amusement at least; for on page 180 Mr. Waterhouse solemnly writes: "What the intelligentsia fails to perceive is that O. Henry is a craftsman rather than an artist, that his gift is not inspirational but mechanical, that instead of making ever new designs he repeats the same design on ever new material." And the man, out of his own originality and perception, actually writes a whole essay to prove this astoundingly novel truth.

After this, there is little more to be said.

BEN RAY REDMAN

The American Party System

The American Party System. By Charles Edward Merriam. The Macmillan Company. $3.

A BOOK by Charles Edward Merriam is an event in the literature of American politics. His studies of the development of American political theories have become the classics in that field. His most recent contribution to an understanding of the party system adds another to his searching interpretations of our political life.

It is written primarily from the point of view of the political psychologist. While he pays due attention to the historical development of parties and to their technical organization and legal status, he places major emphasis upon "the larger formations and functions . . . human behavior and conduct in the largest sense of the term," which underlie and determine party development and organization—class, race, religion, section, making the party an institution and an attitude.

In so handling the party system Mr. Merriam has succeeded eminently in freeing his analysis from the dead hand of detail and the recital of unilluminating events in the history of parties, and in charging it with the vitalizing forces of the broader and deeper currents of social contacts. From an intimate acquaintance with and participation in the political life of his own community, and a "first-hand study" of the politics of his own and foreign countries, he has enriched with the authority of experience his discussion of such problems as the composition of the party, the spoils system, the selection of official personnel.

The spoils system too often is treated with the scorn of invective, the passion of reform, or the ingenious, if specious, cynicism of defense. The anatomy of spoils has seldom been so carefully and honestly probed, its intricate ramifications so successfully explored, its results within the strictly political sphere so intimately connected with its real sources in industrial and social life, its effects upon a healthy party life so cogently set forth.

"None of the genuine interests of any political party is permanently advanced by spoils methods. At the point where the spoils system is strongest—in cities and in States—the parties are actually weakest, and in fact in many instances in cities the national parties have been excluded from the local ballot. . . . The climax of the spoils system in party affairs is the bipartisan combination in which party differences are merged and the party really vanishes. . . . Jobs and graft and spoils do not make the party possible; the party makes them possible, and is often unmade and undone by the very opportunities afforded its notorious partisans."

After summarizing the various interpretations of the party and its functions which have been offered in this country, Professor Merriam gives us his own. "The party may be looked upon as a type of social group, primarily concerned with social control as exercised through the government. The party system may be regarded as an institution, supplementary to the government, aiding the electorate in the selection of official personnel, and in the determination of public policies, and in the larger task of operating or criticizing the government." The amalgam of party solidarity is made up of various elements. Professor Merriam has made an excellent case for greater recognition of the nonpolitical constituents of party loyalty.

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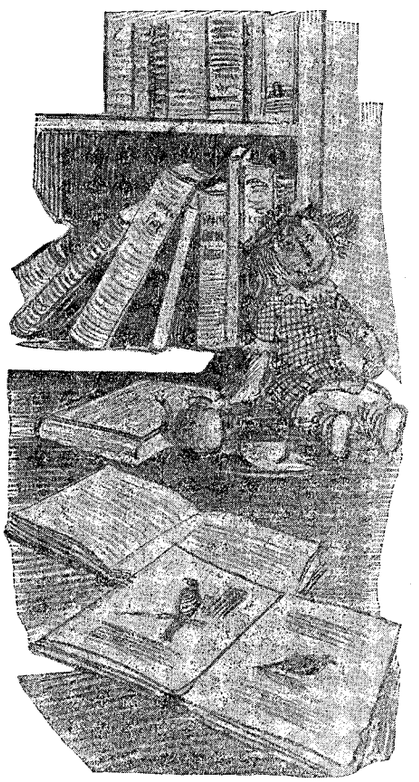

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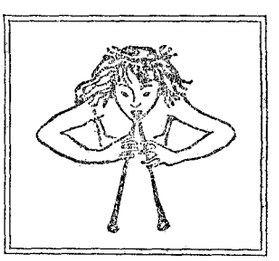

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Books in Brief

The Political System of British India, with Special Reference to the Recent Constitutional Changes. By E. A. Horne. Oxford: Clarendon Press. $3.50.

Mr. Horne, who is attached to the India educational service, has embodied in this useful book the substance of lectures delivered at Harvard in 1921. Beginning with a brief survey, first of the history of British rule in India from the establishment of the East India Company, and then of the complex political geography of the country, its general social and economic characteristics, and its political and constitutional development, he passes quickly to the main subject of the book, the great Government of India act of 1919 which inaugurated the reforms proposed in the Montagu-Chelmsford report. As the narrative at this point is little more than a concise record of events it does not in itself call for special comment, but the reader will find also a clear analysis of the elaborate provisions of the statute in question, a careful explanation of the conditions which dictated the recommendations of the report, and an impartial account of the difficulties which speedily developed when the new system came actually to be applied. While it is clear that Mr. Horne regards the revolutionary agitation in India as a regrettable interference with a system which ought to be allowed to work and whose results would probably be beneficent, his description of the motives and acts of the revolutionary leaders is commendably fair. That he should touch at length or very strongly upon the shortcomings or excesses of British rule in India is more than could properly be expected of a British civil servant, but his outspoken condemnation of the Amritsar massacre leaves nothing to be desired.

The Biology of Death. By Raymond Pearl. J. B. Lippincott and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Pearl is a scientist of the first order. He juggles statistics, curves, and graphs, but happily only as a means to an end. He has written a fascinating book, and he has written it in his own fashion. Not infrequently the scientist becomes a special pleader, and one has the feeling that this particular scientist finds a robust and wholesome pleasure in dealing stiff blows to accepted theories. There is no "dry rot of academic biology," nor futile and fatiguing chasing of statistical bunglers, but a lively presentation of many of the facts of life and death, with frequent touches of an attractive personality and of personal philosophy.

A Treasury of Plays for Men. Edited by Frank Shay. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

If any dramatic club is so impoverished as to be without feminine talent, it may dip into this volume with impunity, assured that there will be no situation in which the gentler sex is required. This is a companion piece to Mr. Shay's "A Treasury of Plays for Women"; it contains crook and war plays and a fair proportion dealing with less specialized themes. They are, of course, of varying degrees of effectiveness; perhaps, however, the best possible anthology when one considers that the distaff side of drama has been excluded.

Ellen Prior. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A metrical tale of old New England, pathetic but prolix, and very lamely versified.

Patuffa. By Beatrice Harraden. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

It is thirty years since the publication of "Ships That Pass in the Night," and Miss Harraden still, at intervals, writes novels to remind the world of that popular favorite. The latest is a substantial piece of work, a study in temperaments, generously understood and projected in a narrative of considerable breadth but little flavor.

Tulips and Chimneys. By E. E. Cummings. Thomas Seltzer. $2.00.

Mr. Cummings is a poet. One deduces that from his language, his observation, and an occasional idea that struggles across his pages. But he is also a pedant. His typography is so perverse that the reader is scared off before he has gone very far. The puzzle of his punctuation is not even an amusing one; it certainly is not worth solving.

Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina. By A. J. Barnouw. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

After a quarter of a century of ruling, the Queen of Holland is still on the top of the deck, sharing with the Queen of Rumania about all there is of romantic interest attached to the sovereigns of Europe. Mr. Barnouw has composed a comprehensive and well-digested narrative of her reign, to which Edward W. Bok has written an innocuous foreword. It is well to be reminded that diminutive Holland still controls, in the Malay archipelago, an area half the size of non-Russian Europe, and is not—as some folks carelessly imagine—merely the home of tulips, windmills, and wooden shoes.

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1923 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Saturday, December 1, and not later than Monday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 13, 1924.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Comedies

TWO American and two British comedies pass before us. There is very little, if any, difference in either literary or theatrical skill. But the American comedies are far less amusing than the British ones because they are so much less serious. This is not in the least paradoxical. No real mental adult can laugh for more than a fleeting moment at the trivial. We laugh from a great depth only at a comic treatment of grave and central things. But the authors of American comedy

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shrink from such subjects. They essay neither tragedy nor comedy; they are subject to the tradition that important things must be treated at a distance and with the ignorance of mere respect. Now if you reverence a thing after a thorough knowledge of it you have hold of a very great experience indeed; if you reverence it ignorantly and by rote you know nothing either of the thing or of yourself. Good comedy can be written only by him who has a powerful and intimate grasp of the tragic issues of human life.

Miss Zoe Akins, who wrote "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," is not without such a grasp. But she evidently thinks that comedy works with different material, whereas it works with the same material as tragedy, in a different mood. Schopenhauer and Shaw proceed from the same data. Miss Akins writes passages of witty dialogue, and true wit is always based on profoundly serious perceptions and thoughts. She even at one moment creates a fleeting mood of that immense melancholy which is always in the background of true comedy. But her fable is woven of sand and her people built of bran. She seems to think that the comic dramatist works with unrealities and fluff. She went, of course, to that card-board Zenda for a single character to be impersonated by Miss Ethel Barrymore. But that character is ridiculously incredible. Such a surface cannot be only surface and that is what we are asked to believe. Miss Barrymore, admirably young and agreeable in appearance and gesture, weaves that surface with her well-known melancholy flippancy, the astonished pathos in her voice, her general attitude of the world well lost for fifteen minutes and so—as Pepys used to say—home. It was so in "The Laughing Lady"; it is so now in Miss Akins's "A Royal Fandango" (Plymouth Theater). The play and the performance are pretty and pleasant and null.

I am sorry to have to give the same report of "The Deep-Tangled Wildwood" (Frazee Theater). I have a very serious liking and respect for the work of the authors of "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies." In these comedies there was enough truth for laughter and enough edge for delight. The exaggeration in the new play of Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly is too gross to be amusing; the idea is too trivial to make one laugh.

How much better the British comedies are in their choice of material and in their approach to that material! Neither "Spring Cleaning" by Frederick Lonsdale (Eltinge Theater) nor "The Camel's Back" by Somerset Maugham (Vanderbilt Theater) is a masterpiece. But both start with an ironic vision of reality; both deal with a world of moods and characters that are recognizable, human, important, and therefore fit subjects for laughter. Mr. Lonsdale's theme is the more pregnant; Mr. Somerset Maugham's execution, especially in the first act, the more brilliant though not the more sustained. It is true, to be sure, that neither comedy is thinkable without the Wilde-Shaw tradition. But that tradition does not consist, as is commonly supposed, in a reckless dealing with mere paradox but in such witty restatements of the facts of life as to bring out the unrealities and self-deceptions by which most people live. Mr. Lonsdale's comedy is more firmly knit; Mr. Maugham's rather runs down in a manner not worthy of him even on this level of his work. Both plays give us, through characterization as well as through their dialogue, more than a few moments of that delighted recognition of human absurdity and its implied antithesis of wisdom which makes for that heightened vitality in the spectator at which good comedy aims. Excellent performances mark both plays. In "Spring Cleaning" Miss Violet Hemming at last adds intelligence to winsomeness; Arthur Byron is not only funny but significant; Miss Estelle Winwood has her usual astonishing incisiveness and—even in the quietest passages—electrical aliveness. In "The Camel's Back" there is Miss Violet Kemble Cooper, less florid and therefore far more interesting than is her wont, Charles Cherry who is adequate at least, and the ever excellent Louise Closser Hale.

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International Relations Section

Documents of Dissolution

THE long-heralded break-up of Germany seemed at hand in the second half of October. The Reich and Saxony, and the Reich and Bavaria were utterly at odds, and the so-called Rhenish Republic was proclaimed at Aix on October 21. Its course was closely followed by the American newspaper correspondents. The history of the Saxon and Bavarian conflicts, and of the affair in the Palatinate, which bore an obvious relation to both the Rhenish and Bavarian movements, is told in the following documents taken from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Vorwärts*, and *Rote Fahne*, the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, and the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

Saxony

ON October 17 General von Müller, commander of the Reichswehr in Saxony, sent the following letter to the Prime Minister of Saxony, Dr. Zeigner:

DEAR SIR: According to the *Sächsische Arbeiter-Zeitung* for October 15 the Minister of Finance, Böttcher, made a speech on October 13 at a Communist meeting held in the Zoological Garden in Leipzig, in which he said that the Coalition Government was bankrupt—either a white or a red dictatorship was coming. The working class must be armed at once. The class organs of the proletariat would represent it in the struggle for freedom. The proletarian hundreds, control committees, factory councils, and those organizations which the working class had established in its long conflict were the organs with which it would struggle. . . . The appeal to arm the proletariat is an appeal to armed battle. This speech is a defiance of the measures which I proclaimed in accordance with the order of the President of September 26. Heretofore I have counted upon the cooperation of the Saxon Government in my work. In order to continue I request you to consider the remarks of Minister Böttcher, and to inform me by 11 a.m., October 18, unequivocally, whether the entire Ministry is in agreement with the spirit and words of Minister Böttcher, and whether the Government will continue in that sense, or whether it is disposed to act against Minister Böttcher according to my directions. In the latter case, in order to make matters clear, I must ask that the Saxon Government should have its assurance to me published in the press. Furthermore, I ask what measures the Government contemplates taking in order to avoid a repetition in the future of such mistakes as the speech of Minister Böttcher. MÜLLER

To this letter Dr. Zeigner made no reply. General Müller accordingly informed him on October 18 that he had referred the matter to the Minister of National Defense. On October 20 General Müller wrote again to Dr. Zeigner:

DEAR SIR: . . . The Reich Government has decided that I am authorized to reestablish and maintain constitutional order in Saxony with all the means at my disposal. I shall not fail to keep you properly informed. I shall inform the population of the reasons for the intervention of the Reichswehr. I hope that the measures deemed by the Government of the Reich to be necessary and in the interest of the whole nation will have the complete approval and the active assistance of the Government of Saxony. I particularly hope that you will succeed in keeping within bounds the efforts of the Communist members of your Government whose efforts obviously threaten the constitutional basis of the Reich. Only so can the hard task be accomplished of restoring constitutional order in this disturbed state of Saxony. MÜLLER

In a public proclamation issued on the same day General Müller announced that in view of the economic chaos and of the fact that a Communist member of the Saxon Government had made speeches equivalent to high treason the Government of the Reich had instructed him to create order by advancing his troops. Large bodies of the Reichswehr thereupon entered Saxony, occupying town after town, with incidents such as those described by Mr. Villard in *The Nation* for November 21. On October 29 the Reichskanzler named Dr. Heinze Reich Commissioner in Saxony, and he at once issued orders removing the ministers of the Zeigner Cabinet from office, fortified in this by a special decree by Ebert, President of the Reich, as follows:

By virtue of Article 48 of the constitution of the Reich I decree, in order to reestablish public safety and order in Saxony:

1. The Chancellor of the Reich is empowered for the duration of this decree to remove from office members of the Saxon Government and of the Saxon Landtag and communal officials. No appeal may be made to the courts. The decree concerning the measures necessary for the reestablishment of public safety and order in the Reich dated September 26, 1923, remains unchanged.
2. This decree takes effect immediately.

The Saxon Cabinet deliberated upon these events and on October 29 made the following reply to the Chancellor:

The Saxon Government determinedly declines the demand of the Government of the Reich that it resign. There is no political occasion for it, and the demand of the Reich Government has no legal basis in the constitution. Only the Saxon Landtag has the right to dismiss the Saxon Government. So long as it does not so act the Saxon Government will stick to its post. It will immediately cause a decision to be made by the Landtag.

The Zeigner Government thereupon called the Landtag into session, but General Müller immediately forebade it to assemble until called by the Commissioner named by the Chancellor of the Reich. It did not meet. Zeigner and his colleagues were driven from their offices, and a new Ministry installed.

Bavaria

THE *Frankfurter Zeitung* (weekly) for October 25 gives the following summary of the action of the Bavarian Government in defying the Central Government:

General von Seeckt, commander of the Reichswehr, is bitterly slandered by the *Völkische Beobachter* [Hitler's paper]; the Government of the Reich confidentially requests Munich to proceed against this paper; insufficient response; direct prohibition of the appearance of the paper by the Minister of National Defense, by virtue of the Emergency Law. Von Kahr pays no attention to the prohibition; the Reichswehr is ordered to suppress the paper; its chief [in Bavaria, General von Lossow] refuses to do so and in a public telegram to his superior in Berlin refuses in the future to carry out orders which might bring him in conflict with Bavaria. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army, General von Seeckt, thereupon requests General von Lossow to resign. He refuses and appeals to the Bavarian Government.

The Minister of National Defense thereupon removed General von Lossow from office and appointed his subordinate, General Freiherr Kress von Kressenstein, commander of the Seventh Division of the Reichswehr, in Bavaria. This order both General von Lossow and the Bavarian Government refused to recognize. On October 20 Dr. von Kahr, "dictator" of Bavaria, received the representatives

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of the Munich press and made the following statement:

The Bavarian Government, in view of the dismissal of General von Lossow, has come to the only possible decision: to appoint him as Commandant in Bavaria and to instruct him to bind the Bavarian Reichswehr solemnly to the Bavarian state. . . . In this situation Bavaria feels it is called upon to represent the national German feeling of the people and of the Reich in opposition to Marxist theories. It is not a question of General von Lossow or of the Reichswehr, but in the long run it is the great struggle between the Marxist, international, and un-German point of view and the national, German view of the people. Bavaria feels it is a struggle for the great German idea and its opposition has nothing to do with separatist or particularist movements.

On the same day General von Seeckt issued a proclamation declaring the action of the Bavarian Government contrary to the constitution, calling upon the Seventh Division of the army to be true to the Reich, and declaring that anyone obeying the Bavarian proclamation would thereby break his oath of loyalty to the Reich and be guilty of military insubordination. The Reich Government on the same day issued a proclamation to the people which read in part:

On the very day on which German representatives abroad were calling the attention of the world to the unbearable conditions in the Rhineland and in the Ruhr, perpetrated by French policy, conditions making cooperation of all forces more than ever necessary in order to stand firm against the alien enemy, the Bavarian Government has presumed to break the constitution and cause a new struggle in the Reich. The excuse for this struggle was the decision upon the question whether military discipline, upon which every army is based, should prevail in present-day Germany or not. The commander-in-chief could not permit that definite orders given by him should be disobeyed by a subordinate for political reasons. An army in which the execution of an order is made dependent upon political views is not an instrument for the maintenance of the power of the state within or without. . . . The suggestion of a struggle against Marxism, made by von Kahr, has nothing to do with the question. The commander-in-chief and the Minister of National Defense have been fighting only for the authority of the Reichswehr and not for any political precept.

On the next day the various sections of the Reichswehr in Bavaria took the following oath:

In view of the proclamation of the Bavarian Government just read to me, I declare that I recognize the Bavarian Government as the executor of the German people, and until an agreement has been reestablished between Bavaria and the Reich I renew my pledge of obedience to my superiors.

On the same day General von Lossow sent the following telegram to the headquarters of the various sections of the Reichswehr throughout Germany:

The commander-in-chief of the army has issued a proclamation which declares the action of the Bavarian Government unconstitutional. The Bavarian Government has no thought of being disloyal to the Reich. No one surpasses us Bavarians in loyalty to the Reich. What we want is that nothing which would weaken Bavaria, the center of German and national feeling, should be forced upon the Bavarian Government and the Bavarian State Commissioner by the Berlin Government, which is under Marxist influence. It is our obvious duty in this conflict to stand by the Bavarian Government and the Bavarian State Commissioner, who seek with us to protect Germanism. This duty will be fulfilled.

No other sections of the Reichswehr responded to von Lossow's telegram, so far as is known, but it was his Bavarian section, already in conflict with the Reich, which put down the Hitler-Ludendorff uprising.

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The Palatinate

THE attempt to set up an independent republic in the Rhenish Palatinate, separate from Bavaria but within the Reich, while encouraged by local French officers, was in part a genuine protest against Bavarian reaction. French support, however, ruined it. Three Socialists, Johannes Hoffmann of Kaiserslautern, Kleefoth, vice-mayor of Ludwigshafen, and Wagner, also of Ludwigshafen, discussed with General de Metz, French commander in the Palatinate, the possibility of separating the Palatinate from Bavaria while maintaining it as a part of the German Reich. General de Metz thereupon called a special meeting of the Kreistag of the Palatinate at Speyer on October 24. At this meeting Major Louis, a representative of the Interallied Rhineland Commission, announced:

In view of the fact that the present situation cannot last without most seriously endangering the moral and material interests of the people, and in view of the disturbed and dangerous situation of Bavaria today, the Palatinate is established, beginning today, as an autonomous state with a provisional Government, pending further developments. This autonomous state of the Palatinate solemnly and unconditionally pledges itself to work with the high Interallied Rhineland Commission now and in the future with absolute loyalty, in order to fulfil all the obligations which are necessary to guarantee the reparations due to France and the security of France.

The presiding official, Privy Counselor Bayersdörfer, thereupon suggested an adjournment during which the various party groups would hold caucuses. When the assembly reopened Counselor Bayersdörfer declared, in the name of all the parties, that the Kreistag was incompetent, under the federal constitution, to deal with the matter. After a few moments of silence, in which no one asked the floor, he continued:

I have fulfilled my duty. I have just been informed that last night both the Cabinet of the Reich and the Bavarian Government concerned themselves with this question. The Federal Government and the Bavarian Government both reject the formation of a new state in any form as an act of treason.

Vorwärts, official organ of the United Social Democratic Party of Germany, at first took the news of the Palatinate republic very seriously. Its evening edition of October 24 bore the headlines: "The Palatinate True to the Reich—Free from Bavaria! Independent Republic of the Palatinate!" October 25, however, it changed its tone.

On October 26 the following formal declaration was made by the Social Democratic Party of the Palatinate:

. . . The leaders of the Social Democratic Party of the Palatinate came to the conclusion that, as a protest against the defiance of the constitution by Bavaria and as a protection against the menace of the separatists, the Palatinate should be established as an independent state within the German Reich. The representatives of the Palatinate Social Democracy have never wavered from this standpoint at any stage of the negotiations. Since the plan meets with serious opposition among various groups in the Palatinate, and since the Government of the Reich refuses to recognize a separation of the Palatinate from Bavaria while remaining within the Reich, we give up our program. Through our action we intended to guard against the threatening danger of separation from the Reich by the separatists. Since our intention has been misunderstood and sinister motives have been ascribed to it, we must leave responsibilities of coming events to other parties.

Nevertheless the French still recognize some sort of "independent" Palatinate Government at Speyer.

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